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SALMON FISHING ON THE RESTIGOUCHE.—DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.—[SEE PAGE 390.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the WEEKLY and BAZAR previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 138, *published June* 20, *contains the following assortment of delightful stories: Part I. of "These My Little Ones,"* by MONA NOEL PATON; *"The Bravest Feat of All," by* DAVID KER; *"A Tropical Hurricane," by* FRANK H. CONVERSE; *"Paddy Ryans' Big Fish," by* W. M. LAFFAN; *and Chapter XII. of "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," by* JAMES OTIS.

There is a most interesting article on botany, by MRS. SOPHIE B. HERRICK, *entitled "The Thirsty Flowers." Under the title of "Cuts and Bruises,"* DR. VAN GIESON *tells the boys how to repair some of the damages they inflict upon themselves in their sports.* MRS. ELLA RODMAN CHURCH *contributes a humorous poem, entitled "What Telegraph Poles are Made For."*

The illustrations are profuse and attractive, including a charming full-page engraving, entitled "In the Corner," and a pictorial puzzle drawn by DANIEL BEARD.

NEW SERIAL BY JAMES PAYN.

A new serial story by this popular novelist, entitled

"KIT: A MEMORY,"

will soon be begun in HARPER'S BAZAR. *It will be beautifully illustrated, in the style of "Marion Fay."*

A CLOUDY SKY.

THE question of the Republican succession to Governor CORNELL in this State already excites a great deal of speculation. But the prospect is very obscure. It is known that Governor CORNELL proposes to be a candidate for the nomination, and it is supposed that he has not waited until midsummer to begin his preparations to secure the Convention. It is equally well known that the National Administration is opposed to his re-election, not upon any ground of principle, but because he did not use the patronage and influence of his office to secure the re-election of the Senators a year ago. But that the Administration will contest the Convention is not clear. Its position, in fact, from the politician's point of view, is one of great difficulty. Having permitted its opposition to Governor CORNELL's renomination to be known, its passivity or acquiescence would be interpreted as an acknowledgment of inability to prevent it, and that would seriously injure the prestige of the Administration. On the other hand, to enter into the contest for the nomination and to be beaten, or to secure the nomination and to lose the State, would be equally injurious. The situation seems to be that of the deep sea on one side, and horns and hoofs on the other. The wiser plan for the Administration would have been to avoid a contest which, whatever its result, could not be advantageous.

But the serious objection of policy to the interference of the Administration in the New York election—for on grounds of principle such interference is impertinent and inexcusable—is that it raises one simple and definite issue for the campaign, and that is approval of the Administration. Secretary FOLGER has been mentioned as the Administration candidate, and we have heretofore stated that Secretary FOLGER is probably the ablest New-Yorker now in public life, and a politician of a great deal of independence. But under the circumstances a vote for Secretary FOLGER as Governor of New York would mean simply approval of the Administration. Now let the Secretary or any of his friends look at the vote and the situation in this State in 1879, when the machine was in perfect order, yet when its candidate was left in a minority at the polls, and reflect upon all that has since occurred—upon the imbittered division of the party, the "smash up" and "break down" of the machine, the immense independence of feeling and voting, and the wide-spread insurrection against the late "bosses" and boss methods of the party—and decide whether they think that in this off year, and with all that is daily occurring, the Republicans of New York would vote approval of the Administration. It would be the height of folly to invite such a vote. A year ago, at the time of the resignation of the Senators, the true Republican feeling of the State was disclosed. Yet even at that time politicians like Mr. DUTCHER and General SHARPE were working with the Vice-President. At present they would certainly not support the Administration candidate as against his opponent. One such fact is very significant, and Secretary FOLGER is too sagacious a politician not to know that upon a simple issue of approving the Administration there are probably enough Republicans who would abstain from voting to prevent the success of the party.

However able and independent a man the Secretary may be, therefore, his nomination by Administration influence—and by none other would it now be possible—would place him in a false position. The course of the Administration in regard to appointments to office in the State has greatly exasperated those who are known as Half-Breeds, and alienated independent Republicans. These together are much too important a body to be contemned or defied. A candidate who should unite their support would be the next Governor of New York, because, in any event, the Administration must desire not to lose the State in its first year. If the party should be able to take the position which logically it ought to occupy; if it should be able plainly to represent once more the wise progress and confidence in popular intelligence which gave it its earliest and greatest victories; if its nomination should stand for something more than a personal or factional triumph—Republican success would be certain.

GENERAL SHARPE AND MR. CONKLING.

IT is a very sharp controversy between General SHARPE and Mr. CONKLING and his friends. After the resignation of Messrs. CONKLING and PLATT last year, Mr. CONKLING says, "My name was used for re-election, and I went to Albany because of the urgent advice or request of all those with whom I had opportunity to consult." General SHARPE says, "Mr. CONKLING resigned for the purpose of being a candidate for re-election," and he says further that it was ascertained from the messenger who brought the resignations to Albany that Mr. CONKLING expected his friends there to take immediate steps to secure his re-election. General SHARPE adds that he was persuaded that this was unwise, and that he went to New York hoping to change the contemplated course. There he met Messrs. JOHN F. SMYTH and CHARLES M. DENNISON, intimate friends and advisers of Mr. CONKLING, and they agreed that Mr. CONKLING's resignation was a blunder, and his plan of re-election a greater blunder, and that they would endeavor to persuade him to hold to his resignation. General SHARPE further states, in effect, that he knew that Mr. CONKLING wished to have the re-election appear to be a spontaneous act of homage from the kneeling Legislature, and was greatly opposed to going to Albany to beg votes. Thinking that this feeling might be so used as to persuade the ex-Senator to reconsider his purpose, General SHARPE said that re-election depended upon the ex-Senator's going to Albany. But the special messenger in an interview in the *Herald* denies that any such information as General SHARPE describes was obtained from him, because he knew nothing. Mr. DENNISON asserts that no such conversation or agreement as General SHARPE mentions ever occurred, and Mr. SMYTH also declares that no such conversation occurred in New York, but that in Albany General SHARPE and Mr. N. S. DRAPER agreed with Mr. SMYTH himself that Mr. CONKLING should be urged to be a candidate for re-election.

This is a case for Sir Lucius. But no one who knows Mr. CONKLING will doubt that General SHARPE's statement is true, that Mr. CONKLING resigned in order to be re-elected, and to return to Washington, with the apparent approval of Republican New York, to renew his ignoble warfare with President GARFIELD. *Credat Judæus* that Mr. CONKLING was suddenly disgusted with politics, and yearned for the safe seclusion of a lawyer's office. It was universally, and we have no doubt correctly, understood at the time that the whole performance was a *coup de théâtre*. Mr. CONKLING probably had no more doubt of his re-election than he had of his resignation. The Legislature had been selected to elect Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT as a Senator from New York, and in the current phrase at the time Mr. CONKLING might well believe that he owned it. To suppose that having decided to renounce an ungrateful country and practice law, he was persuaded the next day to reconsider his resolution by the counsel of Messrs. JOHN F. SMYTH, DENNISON, PLATT, PAYN, A. B. JOHNSON, FRENCH, and JONES is ludicrous in the highest degree to those who know that these gentlemen think in politics what Mr. CONKLING wishes them to think. How it may all seem out of New York we do not know, but in this State these excellent gentlemen are known to be the affable friends who sneeze when Mr. CONKLING takes snuff. If he had decided to renounce public life, but had reconsidered his purpose, it is obvious that when he found re-election to be impossible he would have seen the wisdom of his original decision and have retired. Certainly he would not have asked General SHARPE, as that gentleman asserts, to make from the Speaker's desk a statement which he could not justify in order to help Mr. CONKLING's chances.

How absolutely Mr. CONKLING has renounced politics has been obvious during the President's recent visit to New York. Mr. CONKLING was so constantly in attendance upon the President that he must have brought his law-books and papers from his office to the President's rooms in order to be able to practice the profession to which he has retired. In the controversy of veracity which has arisen between General SHARPE and Mr. CONKLING and his friends there is as yet nothing but stout assertion upon both sides. General SHARPE is accused of falsehood in specifying a conversation and an agreement which never took place. But he has been hitherto a gentleman of unblemished character, and confidence in his integrity will not be easily destroyed. His narrative has an air of great probability, and there can be no question that in believing that Mr. CONKLING resigned to be re-elected General SHARPE believed what everybody else did—a belief justified by Mr. CONKLING's character, previous career, and subsequent conduct, and which is still universally entertained.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

THE arrival of Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT in this country will renew public interest in the Irish question, and the more because of the position which he now takes, and which is far beyond that of any considerable body of intelligent persons in any country, although in Mr. HENRY GEORGE it has found an eloquent and forcible advocate. It is from Mr. GEORGE, doubtless, that Mr. DAVITT has derived the argument for his present policy. It is conceded that Mr. DAVITT is a sincere and honorable man. He was formerly a Fenian, and was arrested and convicted for an attempt at rebellion. But Mr. JUSTIN McCARTHY, in his first letter to the *Tribune* upon the Irish crisis, which is written in excellent temper, says that DAVITT has now renounced all but lawful agitation. He is the author of the Land League, and is accepted as the foremost Irish leader, although Mr. PARNELL, being in Parliament, is the official chief of that movement, and Mr. SHAW, also a member of Parliament, has succeeded Mr. BUTT as leader of the Home Rule party.

To understand the present Irish agitation it must be remembered that there are two cardinal Irish questions, the political and the agrarian—the question of the political connection with England, and that of the tenure of the land. The two are often mingled, and in a large sense they are parts of the same question. But the Land League movement has asserted from the first that it did not seek political separation from England, although some of Mr. PARNELL's speeches two years ago necessarily implied that policy. It sought only a re-adjustment of the land laws, by which Ireland should be for the Irish, and the laborer own his own plot. This is the agrarian or Land League party and purpose. The national movement is divided into two parts—the Nationalists or Separatists, and the Home Rulers, who would have the relation of Ireland to the British government that of a State in this country to the Union. The Nationalists are the Fenians, the irreconcilables. Could they have their way today, and Ireland be totally severed from England, the chaos that would ensue on that island would require the armed intervention of civilization. The "dynamite" Fenians are men of the mould and calibre of MARAT. The Home Rulers hold, *mutatis mutandis*, the constitutional ground of GRATTAN a century ago.

As for separation, the Marquis of Blandford says that it is the desire of nine-tenths of Irishmen. But GOLDWIN SMITH, one of the most thorough and careful of students, points out that Ulster is certainly for the Union, and that in the three Celtic and Catholic provinces there is a much larger Union party than there was in the Southern States in America during the war. Yet GOLDWIN SMITH says frankly that if separation be the sincere desire of the Irish people, the island should be separated. For the moment it might be a cruel policy, he says, but ultimately perhaps not an unwise one. But that aside, GOLDWIN SMITH holds—and it is doubtless an increasing feeling among English Liberals—that there is no Irish grievance which England is not ready and even eager to remedy. The Irish land act of a few years ago, he asserts, gives to the Irish tenant a security of tenure and a property in his improvements which the English tenant does not yet possess, while the present land act, besides all this, cancels existing contracts which are disadvantageous to the tenants. In this country such an act would be unconstitutional as impairing the validity of contracts. But GOLDWIN SMITH finds the main root of the Irish difficulty in the rapid multiplication of the people on a land of which a small part only is fit for growing wheat, and JUSTIN McCARTHY admits that the land is not capable of supporting both occupant and landlord. Except for the constant drain of emigration, the Irish would have perished, says GOLDWIN SMITH, like rabbits in a confined warren. MICHAEL DAVITT's new panacea is the nationalization of the land. The gov-

ernment, he holds, should be the landlord, because the land belongs of right to the whole community. This is the extreme doctrine of "eminent domain," a reproduction of the "communal land." How he will treat this theme acceptably to an Irish-American audience we shall soon have the opportunity of knowing. Mr. DAVITT's view is not yet the platform of the Nationalists, nor of the Home Rulers, nor of the Land League. But Ireland always follows a powerful leader.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CAMPAIGN.

THE Independent campaign in Pennsylvania has opened with all the enthusiasm and earnestness that marked the early campaigns of the Republican party a quarter of a century ago. At Pittsburgh, where the first formal Independent meeting was held, General MOORHEAD, chairman of the "regular" Republican County Committee, presided, and said, amid continuous applause, "They are GARFIELD Republicans who are now called Independent Republicans."

Senator JOHN STEWART, the candidate for Governor, said, with the simple eloquence of truth:

"The Philadelphia Convention did not spend its force in simple protests. It contemplated by its action not merely the rebuke and dethronement of political dictators, but with an intelligence that comprehended the source and origin of these troubles it declared against that nefarious system which makes bossism possible, and which has corrupted and demoralized the politics of the present day, far beyond all other influences combined. Except for spoils of office and Government patronage there could be no bosses. To this vicious system, which places public offices at the arbitrary disposal of men in public station, and makes of them rewards for devotion to the political fortunes of him who bestows them, we can with absolute certainty trace our present political disturbances."

In a subsequent interview he said:

"The party is committed to civil service reform, whereas the Administration is committed by its policy to the spoils system. Were there to be any active part taken by the latter in the politics of this State, the Republican voters who are opposed to that system by conviction would rebel, and the result would be just the opposite to what was intended by those seeking the extraneous support."

He thought the movement might spread to New York and wherever the machine tyranny is felt.

"The situation is narrowed down to this: Republicans will have to choose between devotion to the principles and faith of the party and a loyalty simply to the machine. One movement represents the former, and the other only the machine. I think when the thing is fully understood by the people, their devotion to principle will overcome their fealty to an empty organization, and we propose they shall understand it."

Colonel WILLIAM MCMICHAEL, candidate for member of Congress at large, also spoke, and the unqualing spirit of the movement may be inferred from the words of this popular and eloquent champion:

"The country laughs at DONALD CAMERON because he assumes to be the State, but it is only fair to him to remember the events and surroundings which have caused him to think and act as he does. He has made an issue which challenges the manhood of every voter, and endangers the business prosperity of the State. It is whether his sole will is to be the supreme power in Pennsylvania; is to nominate its judges, dictate its Governors, and control its public affairs. To vote for his Harrisburg candidates would be to ratify despotism. They must be overwhelmingly defeated at the polls."

Like dogs that snarl but can not bite, the machine organs sneer at the "sorehead" protest of the Independents, as the old pro-slavery organs growled at the "woolly-head agitation" when the Republican onset began. But those who have been trained to freedom repel equally the yoke of a political boss and that of a plantation overseer.

"STRIKING" OFFICE-HOLDERS AND GOVERNMENT LABORERS.

THERE is a law of the United States which makes it a penal offense for an officer or employé of the government, not confirmed by the Senate, to ask of or to give to or to receive from any other officer or employé money or valuable thing for political purposes. Under this statute General CURTIS, the treasurer of the Republican State Committee of New York, has just been convicted. The law is a declaration by Congress that the system of extortion and robbery known as political assessments is odious and intolerable, and should be legally stigmatized as a public offense.

But simultaneously with the conviction under the law of Congress certain members of Congress who constitute the executive committee of the Congressional Republican Committee issue a summons to all the employés of the government, including laborers in the navy-yards, to pay the assessment which the law forbids them to pay to other employés. This summons states that the payment of the assessment will not be objected to in any official quarter; that is to say, that the Government will countenance a virtual breach of the law of Congress when the offense can not be technically punished.

Mr. JAY A. HUBBELL, of Michigan, is the chairman of the committee which levies this assessment, and Mr. D. B. HENDERSON is secretary, who, we believe, is not in the public service. The committee includes Messrs. ALLISON, HALE, and ALDRICH, of the Senate, Messrs. HISCOCK, ROBESON, and others of the House. The custom of assessments is an abuse of some years' duration, and it is doubtless one to which these gentlemen have not given much attention. But it is one of the meanest forms of oppression. It virtually sells the government service for the profit of a party. Necessarily it is degrading by destroying the self-respect of the office-holders, and it is often a cruelty to heavily burdened and hard-working men. But its worst effect is that upon politics and the government itself, and the foolish extravagance which it fosters. The gentlemen of the committee will agree that a party whose ascendency is maintained by any means but the free and honest co-operation of its members is a wrong to popular government, and a danger to the state. But coerced "contributions" such as this summons produces are not free and honest co-operation.

POLITICS IN THE PINE-TREE STATE.

THE Maine Republicans have opened the campaign by a harmonious Convention, and Senator HALE, who presided, made some remarks which were very significant. He was asked, "What about ARTHUR?" and his reply may well be heeded by those who officially direct the Republican party. He began by speaking kindly of the President's conduct during the long tragedy of last summer, and described him as a man "who believes in his beliefs." The Senator would doubtless have said as much of ANDREW JOHNSON. The vital question is the operation of the beliefs, for while the man who has the courage of wrong convictions may be complimented for sincerity, he is a man to be resolutely opposed.

Senator HALE then said of the President plainly:

"He has belonged to that portion of the Republican party which has been in a minority, which is now in more of a minority than ever, and which I believe it will be healthful for American politics if it remain in that minority. I do not believe that President ARTHUR is now bent on breaking down that great majority and setting up that minority. If he is so bent, he is bound to make a more deplorable failure than any man who was ever President; but I believe that in these long years of his experience he ought to have learned and has learned wisdom. He is now by virtue of his high office, without having sought it, the head of the Republican party; and my belief is, as the question has been asked me, that President ARTHUR is trying to bring all the shades of opinion which are essentially Republican into accord, so that they may work together for the good of the country through the Republican party."

Senator HALE called attention to the fact that Collector ROBERTSON, of New York, was as yet undisturbed. He could have mentioned also Postmaster PEARSON and Naval Officer BURT as representing progressive Republicanism by a strict and efficient attention to their public duties, and who are also not yet removed. But would the Senator say, or, we wonder, does he think, that the admirable discharge of duty by these gentlemen assures their continuance? Because if the Executive action justified that belief, there is no doubt whatever that it would "bring all the shades of opinion which are essentially Republican into accord."

Can Senator HALE suggest any other principle of action by which party divisions can be harmonized?

CHARLES NORDHOFF.

A. C. BUELL, editor of the *Critic*, in Washington, has accused Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF, correspondent of the New York *Herald*, and three other gentlemen of similar high character, with corrupt opposition to the Whiskey Bill. Confronted with Mr. NORDHOFF and the other gentlemen before the committee, BUELL said that he had no knowledge of the truth of his assertions, and that he had been "chaffing." But he has now repeated his charge against Mr. NORDHOFF and Mr. NELSON, still saying that he has no personal knowledge of any facts, and General HAWLEY has moved, with the assent of the committee, that every reflection upon the character of the gentlemen mentioned by BUELL be stricken from the record. The only one of the gentlemen that we personally know is Mr. NORDHOFF, and there is no man from whose character such accusations would fall without leaving a trace more swiftly and surely than from his. There is no more honorable man connected with the American press than CHARLES NORDHOFF. But to be as pure as snow is not to escape calumny.

THE FATHER OF THE SENATE.

FOR the fifth time consecutively HENRY B. ANTHONY, of Rhode Island, has been elected Senator of the United States, and practically without an opponent. This is an honor unprecedented except in the instance of Mr. BENTON, of Missouri, and an honor well paid to a most accomplished, faithful, and honorable public man. Both in the Senate and in society Mr. ANTHONY is greatly esteemed and beloved, and his State is wise for herself and for the country in retaining so admirable and experienced a representative in the Senate.

NATIONAL BULLYING.

Two or three years ago we showed the simple justice of returning the Japanese indemnity. Four Presidents have urged its return. Twelve times the return has been reported to Congress favorably. Fourteen years ago Mr. SEWARD said that the United States had received $600,000 in gold from Japan without substantial equivalent. Not to repeat the story, which has been fully related in the daily papers, it is enough to say that for the firing of a Japanese rebel upon the American flag the Japanese government paid our demand, but before it was paid we had revenged the shot by inflicting great damage upon Japan.

Then followed a hostile expedition in concert with Great Britain, France, and Holland, and further enormous injury to Japan. Negotiations ending in a demand for $3,000,000 followed, or, as an alternative, the opening of ports and a waterway. Japan, in sore straits, raised the money at nine per cent. interest, and paid in full, according to agreement, and afterward, when she was able, opened the ports and the sea.

The money is not morally ours. It is a national disgrace to retain it. It has been earning money for us without outlay of ours. But the proposition to return interest as well as principal has been stoutly resisted in the Senate, and by a close vote the Senate has decided that the principal shall be paid, and that the United States shall pocket the interest. There are members of Congress who are fond of calling Great Britain a bully. But if this is not the conduct of a bully, there is no such character among nations. As Senator BUTLER, of South Carolina, conclusively said, if Japan is entitled to the principal, she is entitled to the interest. Senator WINDOM said that the bill was an insult to Japan, and dishonorable to the United States. Senator HAWLEY moved in vain to pay the interest. We have not seen a journal of character which does not condemn the action of the Senate, and it is for the House to save the good name of the country.

PERSONAL.

ADAM NORRIE, who died in this city a few days ago at the ripe age of eighty-five, was one of the best as well as one of the best-known of our old-school merchants. Though unambitious of political position, he long since achieved that better fame which follows from the labors of benevolence. His time and his fortune were largely devoted to the promotion of charitable objects, and to the interests of the Church of which he was a faithful member. Grace Church, where his fine form and presence had for half a century been so familiar, was crowded at his funeral, and his memory will be long cherished by those who knew and esteemed him.

—On the 24th of May Queen VICTORIA completed the sixty-third year of her age, and on the 20th of June she had sat upon the throne for forty-five years, a reign which in length has been exceeded by three only of the kings of England, viz., HENRY III., EDWARD III., and GEORGE III. Since the Norman Conquest only eleven British sovereigns have attained a greater age than she has, viz., HENRY I., HENRY III., EDWARD I., EDWARD III., ELIZABETH, JAMES II., the four GEORGES, and WILLIAM IV.

—As an instance of the magnitude of some of the transactions of our New York merchants, it may be mentioned that the well-known house of SAWYER, WALLACE, & COMPANY a few days ago sold to an agent of the Italian government 12,244 hogsheads of leaf tobacco, at the rate of $150 a hogshead, the bill amounting to $1,836,600. In France, Austria, Italy, and Spain the tobacco business is exclusively monopolized by the government, and the privilege of dealing in it is given to contractors, upon the payment of a royalty, after which the contractors control the business in the entire country.

—HENRY JOHNSON is the man who kept General ANDREW JACKSON supplied with water during the battle of New Orleans, and who cleaned the warrior's sword next day—presumably rusty from gore. H. J. is still extant at Oberlin, Ohio, and purports to be one hundred and nine years old.

—The Rev. ROBERT COLLYER, according to a statement in the *Tobacco Journal*, recently admitted that he smoked cigars because "tobacco is soothing," and that he smoked his first to celebrate the fall of Richmond, when "we all felt in duty bound to do something tremendous on receipt of the news from the seat of war."

—Should the Army Retiring Bill, which has passed the Senate, become a law, making the retirement of every officer compulsory at the age of sixty-four, the following general officers will go out on the dates appended to their names: W. T. SHERMAN, 1884; P. H. SHERIDAN, 1895; W. S. HANCOCK, 1888; J. M. SCHOFIELD, 1895; I. MCDOWELL, October 5, 1882; J. POPE, 1887; O. O. HOWARD, 1894; A. H. TERRY, 1891; E. O. C. ORD, October 19, 1882; C. C. AUGUR, 1885; G. CROOK, 1892.

—Among the gifts presented to Miss ANNIE FOSTER, daughter of the Governor of Ohio, on the occasion of her wedding recently, was one from Mrs. GARFIELD, with the message, "May you be the queen of marriage—a perfect wife!"

—There is a report from Boston that should Mr. LOWELL be recalled from England, he will be asked to accept the Republican nomination for Congress in the new Fifth District, now represented by Mr. BOWMAN. It includes Cambridge and some portion of Boston.

—The late Dr. JOSEPH W. TAYLOR, of Philadelphia, left $900,000 for an institution at Bryn Mawr, for the education of women. The college building is nearly completed, and is to be known as Taylor Hall.

—DARWIN, though he drank one glass of wine daily, wrote to a friend that he believed he should be better if he drank none at all. The doctors told him to take it as a cure for giddiness. He had taken snuff all his life, and regretted it, though he felt sure it was a great stimulus and aid in his work. "I also," he wrote, "smoke daily two little paper cigarettes of Turkish tobacco. This is not a stimulus, but rests me after my work, or after I have been compelled to talk, with tired memory, more than anything else."

—APPHIA HOWARD, in the Providence *Press*, gives the following reminiscence of LONGFELLOW: "I recall another little visit, when I was invited to lunch with the poet and his friend GREENE. Curiously enough, and a rare thing it was in that family, with its many guests, I imagine, there were no other persons at the table; and when, after our first wants were supplied, Mr. LONGFELLOW sent the servant away, there were we three, and no more. Mr. GREENE and I appeared on that occasion in the rôle of invalids, but we broke down very badly in it. The genial and witty conversation of our host, in connection with the fact that we were without our waiter, and were determined not to take anything that should recall her, and thus cause a break in the entire coziness of our repast, stimulated our appetites to such gastronomic feats that Mr. LONGFELLOW was forced to run around the table more than once to shave ham for the vigorous eating of his feeble friends."

—A London correspondent who recently saw Mr. GLADSTONE and his wife driving in Hyde Park, says: "If ever two people looked the embodiment of woe, it was these two. Both seemed to be clad in the garb of despair; the very carriage and horses appeared as if muffled in crape. The faces of the Premier and his wife were really agonized in expression. They bore not the placid, stricken look which recent sorrow gives; every lineament bespoke active anguish, an excited terror. They were talking earnestly and rapidly, and paid not the slightest attention to the passing throng. Every eye was on them, but they looked at no one. The strong, impressive features of this great old man's face were a sight I never shall forget. A painter looking for a physiognomy upon which to depict horror would have seized on this, and if he could have succeeded in portraying GLADSTONE's face as I saw it yesterday would have made an immortal picture. It must not be forgotten that by the frightful murder of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH Mr. and Mrs. GLADSTONE lose the husband of their niece, and a loving adherent, who looked up to the Premier not alone as a secretary does to his chief, but as a son does to an honored father."

"IT WAS HER MOTHER'S TEA."—[See No. 1330, Page 374.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly, No. 1330, Vol. XXVI.]

"SO THEY WERE MARRIED."

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

Authors of "The Golden Butterfly," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "When the Ship Comes Home," etc.

PART I.—MON DÉSIR.

CHAPTER II.

THE SQUIRE.

Among the many questions which may be put by fools for the discomfiture of those who pretend to be wise is the question how it is that men can be found to put their money into a sugar estate.

For the dangers and risks are great, the work is hard, the climate is generally trying, and the ultimate results are wrapped in a delightful cloud of uncertainty. As for the capital required at the outset, that is so great that it would maintain a whole family in England. On the mere interest of it they might take a house at Kensington, and give dinner parties, and go every year to the sea-side. As for the thing to be grown—the cane—it is surrounded on all sides by innumerable enemies, like everything else which is carefully planted, tended, cockered up, and rendered effeminate. Sometimes it is an insect, which comes from no one knows where, and has no other object in life than just to bore holes right through the cane, and so to destroy it; or it is a worm that appears suddenly in the ground, and refuses to eat anything except root of sugar-cane, and no one knows where *he* comes from either; or it is a kind of rot; or it is a wasting away and a drying up of the sweet juices; or it is some other of the many thousand diseases which affect vegetable life. Sometimes, also, it is a troop of monkeys who get into the fields by night, and tear up the canes for very wanton mischief. Above all, there are the hurricanes, which lay the canes prostrate, tear them up by the roots, and wash them out of the ground; and they may come any year or every year. So that, unless fortune is more than commonly kind, the end of every planter who has not so large a capital that he can stand up against two, three, or even four bad years in succession is the same, monotonously the same. That end is, in fact, smash; and his estate is sold. And then, because hope goes on springing in that elastic and everlasting way of which we know, there is never wanting a purchaser with a little money to throw away, and the old game begins again, with clinking of glasses and the sparkle of champagne, and the best wishes of friends, and the confidence of the young beginner.

That, however, is only the fate of the small capitalist. If you have got plenty of money to begin with, and want to multiply it by ten, and can afford to wait, and like tropical life and exile, with the things which some weak-kneed brethren call discomforts, such as hot days, and vertical suns, and mosquitoes, and prickly-heat, and insipid beef and tasteless mutton, you can do nothing better than take a sugar estate and manage it yourself. Some day people in England will find out how profitable a thing it is, so long as you need not borrow money to go on with. Then there will be companies started. Owners will sell to promoters for four times the value of the estate: that will be good for the owners, who will come to Paris, or London, or Monte Carlo, and have a fling so long as the money lasts: the promoters will sell the estates to the shareholders for ten times their value: this will be good for the promoters, who will make money by one swindle, to lose it in the next; then the companies will issue shares, publish prospectuses, and exhibit their sugar in grocers' shops; and they will appoint managers of local experience. These managers will be so experienced that they will sell the sugar, receive the money for the coolies, put everything in their own pockets, and bolt, working their way round by New Caledonia and Tahiti to San Francisco, and from there to New Orleans, enjoying the roses and rapture of gambling saloons, bars, and billiard-rooms. The company will then "bust up," and the estate will be sold for half its real value to a local person with no money but what he borrows from the bank, and all will go on as before, and, if we are all happy, let us not sit down to ask what odds.

The proprietor of Mon Désir, Captain Kemyss, commonly called the Squire by his English friends, became a planter through falling in love. It was in this way:

About five-and-twenty years ago, when people in Palmiste were beginning to think that they might try to forget the calamity of their great and terrible cholera year, and to leave off telling each other horrible stories, there arrived in the island an extremely sprightly regiment, the officers in which were nearly all young, rich, and disposed to make things cheerful for themselves and all their friends, so far as lies in the power of the English officer. They manifested this disposition from the day of landing; they received callers with effusion; they called upon everybody, bought horses, dog-carts, buggies, pony-traps, American traps, drove about the country, accepted invitations to all the planters' houses, turned up uninvited to the Sunday morning breakfasts, held magnificent guest nights, allowed their band to play as often as they were asked, and gave balls the like of which had never before been heard of. Also they offered prizes and cups at the races, and rode to win them; and they had an eleven, and for the first year or so they played the national game with vigor: they were always pleased to see everybody in barracks at all hours and at all meals; brandy-and-soda was continually being produced: they exhibited and kept up, to the admiration of philosophers, a real Charles Lever like air of solid, substantial enjoyment of life, as if there were no headaches, as if youth would always last, as if there was nothing in the world to care for beyond sport—in moderation; cricket, billiards, and racquets—always in moderation; parade and drill—in strict moderation; gambling—in tolerable moderation; feasting, drinking, and love-making without stint or stay, moderation, or any restraints beyond those imposed by physical considerations, such as the dimension of the waist or the absence of the opposite sex. The Colonel looked young, being about forty-eight, but he was tough—besides, the resources of science were called in to maintain the dark glossiness of his hair and mustache; the Majors also looked young, being about six-and-thirty; the Captains were in the early thirties and the late twenties; the subs were all under five-and-twenty. It was a thirsty, toss-pot regiment; a rattling, rollicking, story-telling, song-singing, card-playing, racing, billiard-playing, betting, gambling, drinking, sit-up-late regiment; a handsome, flirting, dancing, mean-nothing, detrimental regiment—a regiment, in short, which turned the heads of all the girls with flattery and compliments and dances, and all the things that youth most loves. In this regiment there were a couple of young men—that is, comparatively young, for they had both already got their company—who were close friends, and not, like their companions, wholly given over to sport and amusement; they had, in fact, the unusual good sense to perceive that life can not be all champagne and skittles. Wherefore they sometimes went to bed early, did not take soda-and-brandy as a pick-me-up before breakfast, observed a liberal moderation in strong drink during the day, and did not look upon all pretty girls as made solely for the amusement of the man with the scarlet jacket. In fact, they were the small minority which among every madcap crew are always found to spoil sport by square-toed temperance. In any other company they would have been considered as rather dashing young fellows; in this, the comparative soberness of their manners and morals was felt to be a standing reproach to their brother officers. It is a safe rule that one must not be more virtuous than one's fellows. Therefore the regiment heard with great relief and thankfulness that not only were these two engaged to be married to girls of the island, but that they were going to sell out at once.

They became, in fact, engaged to two cousins, girls of French descent, who had been brought up together, and were to each other as two sisters. They were alike in appearance, in tastes, and in accomplishments; they resembled each other in agreeing to be very much in love each with her own English wooer; they were both young, both beautiful, and both amiable. They differed, however, in one small point, felt by both young ladies to be of no importance whatever, namely, that one was rich and the other poor. Captain Ferrier, the grandson of a Peer, who married the rich girl, was himself already tolerably well provided; Captain Kemyss, the son of a Bishop, who had only a moderate patrimony, married the one who was poor. Now, if he had staid in the army, or had gone home and lived quietly upon his modest income, he would have got along very well. But when he found that Ferrier intended to remain in Palmiste and cultivate his wife's sugar estate; when he learned further that his own wife would like nothing in the world so well as to remain all her days in the place where she was born; when he considered the fertility and goodness of the land; when the pleasures of a planter's life were pointed out to him, with the chances of a great fortune—he yielded to temptation and bought an estate. Observe the difference at the outset between the two friends. Captain Ferrier married a girl who was the only child of a planter with the largest and most fertile estate in the island; with his own money and with the money already made out of the estate he would be enabled, whatever happened, to ride out the storm. Therefore, with ordinary care, his prosperity was assured. Captain Kemyss, on the other hand, invested the whole of his own very moderate fortune in purchasing an estate. To complete the purchase he had, like most of his brother planters, to borrow of the bank a third of the purchase-money at nine per cent. He therefore became for life a man encumbered with a hopeless debt. One son was born to him, Tom by name, now his manager, partner, and overseer. His friend Ferrier had several children, but all died except one, a girl—Virginie. When Ferrier died himself, during the great fever year of 1867, Captain Kemyss became the guardian of the child and the executor of the will. Madame Ferrier and her daughter came to live with him, and they formed, Creole fashion, one household.

There are some men in whom the backwoods or colonial life, far from friends, seems to strengthen and deepen their old ideas about the most desirable manner of life. Captain Kemyss—the "Squire"—carried on in the quiet Palmiste bungalow the kind of life to which he had been himself brought up. He was on his tropical estate an English country gentleman. He educated his son in his own ideas; it was through him that Tom showed no rusticity, and Virginie no Creole insularity. He was now a man of sixty, tall, gray-headed, with a gray mustache; he had a military bearing still; he was a member of the Legislative Council, and was therefore the Honorable Captain Kemyss, and in the whole colony there was no one who bore so good a name, or was held in such great honor, as

he, or was more regarded for integrity and trustworthiness in all his doings.

His life would have been perfectly happy but for a certain grim spectre, which would not be confined in a cupboard, but kept marching about with him wherever he went—stood behind him at dinner, sat on his bed at night, and never left him. It was the lean and gaunt ghost of bankruptcy. He first raised this ghost by much calculation and sad foreboding in the hurricane year of 1868; two or three good years laid it in the Red Sea; then bad years followed, and up it sprang again, vivacious and sprightly as Jack-in-the-box, and more horrible to look at. After that it was never laid again, but came every year nearer to him, looked larger, and shook a more threatening finger. Some men are so thick-skinned that, although they see the danger afar off, and know that they will shipwreck upon it, they yet go about their business in perfect happiness, regardless of the certain future. The Squire, who was as courageous as most men, trembled and shook with shame and terror when he thought of the word bankruptcy. The year 1880 was for the estate of Mon Désir a bad year. The yield was poor; it seemed as if the soil was perhaps giving out; prices were not high; the crop was short; the bank was beginning an ominous note of warning. Still, if 1881 was good, if there were no hurricanes, and prices improved, the estate would pull through somehow, as it had pulled through so many years before, by being able to meet the interest of the debt; if not, if anything at all of the many things which might happen went against him, then, then the blow could no longer be staved off; he must go to the wall. The prospect, to a man turned sixty, of seeing the whole of his life's work destroyed and brought to naught, was a very terrible thing to consider.

There was one way out of the difficulty—one certain way; yet it was a way which he would not suffer himself to dwell upon. How if Tom were to marry Virginie? For then there could be no more troubles about money. The two estates—hers, large and prosperous; his, small and struggling—adjoined. They could be worked with the same mill and machinery. Tom could manage both. No one knew better than himself, the trusty executor and guardian of the child, how, year after year, good and bad together, her estate brought in a clear income of eight thousand pounds at least, and how this money had been accumulating and piling up during Virginie's minority, until it was now, for a land of small capitalists, an enormous fortune. But to consider the girl, almost his own daughter, as the means of rescuing himself from difficulties was a dreadful thing to him.

Meantime there were two persons who were as desirous of seeing this result as Captain Kemyss, with the advantage over him that they did not conceal their wishes.

"Sibylle," Madame Kemyss would whisper when she saw the young people together.

"Lucie," Madame Ferrier would reply, pressing her friend's hand silently.

The cousins who were so much alike in youth had grown alike again in middle life. This is a trying time with most women; they have lost the later beauty of womanhood, and have not yet put on that of age. These two ladies, however, were still beautiful, in the soft and graceful Creole way; only they looked older than they were, which, perhaps, helped them. They were past forty; and they looked somehow, though their hair was neither thin nor gray, nor were their faces crow-footed, as if they were past fifty.

"In France," one would say to the other, "we should have settled it ourselves by this time."

"In England," the other would reply, "the boy would have settled it with the girl before this time."

"Tom is a good boy, Sibylle. Perhaps he fears your possible displeasure."

"He is a very good boy, Lucie. That is why I wish he would tell Virginie that he would like her to be his wife."

The only reason why Tom did not tell her this most undoubted truth was that he was a Creole. Now all Creoles are perfectly happy with the present condition of things, provided that insures a sufficiency of curry and claret and a roof. It is a land of sweet contentment. Tom was profoundly in love; but then he had been in love with Virginie ever since she was born; there was nothing new in that. It was impossible for him to think of life without her. On the other hand, things were so pleasant as they were, that it never occurred to him to desire a change. They tell a story in Palmiste of two Creoles who once lived there: they were devotedly attached to each other; they went on year after year enjoying a protracted spring-time of love; their parents died; they still continued their gentle courtship; the years passed on; they became gray and bald; still they met day by day, and had their little lovers' quarrels and the fond renewings of love, quite in the Horatian style; when one was seventy and the other sixty-eight—though, to be sure, they still felt like twenty and eighteen—a friend suggested that it might be almost time to complete the long engagement by a wedding. They considered for a few months; they thought the suggestion reasonable; they were married; but they had so long been lovers that they could not bear to give up their old habits, and they presently

"ONLY CAPTAIN FERRIER REMAINED WITH THE LADIES."

separated with mutual consent, went back to their respective houses, and "carried on" as before.

As regards Virginie herself, she was young; she had never considered or thought of the question at all. She was undoubtedly very fond of Tom; it seemed as if life without Tom would be impossible. But, as yet, she was innocent of any thought of love, just as she was wholly and entirely ignorant of the world, of humanity, of evil, wrong-doing, treachery, and deception. To be sure, the coolies were always in trouble, always suffering or inflicting wrong; always deceiving, cheating, thieving, and quarrelling. Only, what coolies do, regarded as part of humanity's statistics, is only interesting to those who are able to take a broad and catholic view of mankind, therefore not interesting to those who live among them. In other words, the white residents in Palmiste disclaim the brotherhood of the colored man. It is difficult to understand the ignorance of such a girl so brought up. She had not only never left the island, but had never slept off the estate, except once, when she went to a Government House ball, and once when she went to a garrison ball, six months before this time. She had been educated by her mother and Madame Kemyss; her guardian took a share in the teaching too. The only friend of her own age was Tom; he was her companion and confidant. She knew nothing of society, except as she saw it at home when people came to stay. There was no art whatever within her reach, except music, which her mother taught her; there was no church even within reach, and the Sunday was only marked by the reading of part of the English Prayer-book; there was no talk of literature, because her guardian had but few books, and she had read them over and over again; there were no politics. As regards European events, they are treated on these estates with about as much concern as if they were the events recorded in Gibbon. There were wars and defeats, and many thousands slain; treaties made became treaties broken; the victor was flushed with conquest, and the enemy rolled sullenly over the frontier. Historians never alter their sweet flowing style, because the events of history are always the same. To the dwellers in this far-off land the events of the present are no more real than the events of the past; to Virginie, as she heard them summed up when each mail came in, they were shadows and unmeaning things. The realities of life were the morning and evening rambles, the flowers, the water-falls, the hills, the fruits, and Tom.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE BACHELORS' PAVILION.

In the pavilion the lazy bachelors began, one after the other, to stir, sit up, curse the mosquitoes, and finally to get up and come forth, clothed, for the most part, in ragged flannels and rough tweeds which had known service, and were stained and torn. There was great diversity as regards hats; for some had broad Panama hats, with brims like the spreading amplitude of a family umbrella; and some had the ordinary round hat of the period, generously endowed with flowing puggrey; and some had solar helmets; and one, which was the Padre, wore the ecclesiastical broad-brimmed felt which we all know and love so much. He also wore the long, flapping coat which, with the broad felt hat, makes our ecclesiastics almost as graceful to look upon as their brothers of Spain. One only among them appeared as if he was dressed for a battue in an English preserve, perfectly turned out in garments which made one or two of the younger men ashamed of their rags. This was the Honorable Guy Talbot Ferrier, Virginie's second cousin, only son and heir of Lord Ferrier, and a Captain in the Line regiment now on garrison duty at Palmiste.

Most of the party knew each other as only colonials can know each other; that is, with a perfect knowledge of all the strong points, weak points, good qualities, bad qualities, virtues, and vices which distinguish their brethren. Not the least use for any of them to pretend to sail under false colors, or to put on side of any kind. Of course they did it, but it was no use doing it. Among them was Sandy McAndrew, of the great Scotch firm of McMull, McAndrew, & Co. The only fault of Sandy, regarded as a man and a companion, was that he generally fell asleep during dinner. In other respects he was perfect. Then there was Davy McLoughlin, his partner, remarkable for the fact that his legs after dinner had a tendency to tie themselves into knots, which is an embarrassing thing to witness until you get used to it. There was also the Pink Boy, who was only nineteen, and had but just arrived, and as yet had not had time to display his many admirable qualities. But he was good at laughing; and he was as handsome as Apollo; and he blushed, which, I believe, that god never did. His tweeds were almost as good as those of Captain Ferrier, but they were in different style, because the Boy was not a noble sportsman at all, but an accountant in a bank. And there was the Assistant Colonial Secretary, a person of very great importance in the official world; in private, a great retailer of good things, with a prodigious memory; so that, once started, he would go on with stories new and old for a livelong day, and very often did. He knew every man, woman, and child in the colony, and had an excellent story to tell about each; a cheerful, even a jovial companion; and he was of the persuasion which allows a curly, crisp brown beard to remain upon the chin as a complement to the curly, crisp brown hair.

There was also Major Morgan, who came with Captain Ferrier. He was a soldier by profession; but his principal occupation was the playing of cards, which was the reason why he was so frequently the companion of the younger man. Though he was entirely addicted to cards, and found in the changes and chances of the pips the only joy in life, and though he played to win, he was not a gambler. It will never be said of the Major that he was in difficulties by reason of his losses at cards; rather it may be safely prophesied of him, that, in the immediate future, when he has retired from the service, he will begin a long and tranquil career as a morning, afternoon, and evening whist-player at his club. But at present he is still young enough to play any game that offers, whether écarté, loo, lansquenet, baccarat, bézique, cribbage, whist, poker, euchre, all fours, monté, picquet, sechs-und-sechzig, or nap. A cheerful man, who generally won, and therefore regarded the world as a place where justice is accorded to merit.

The Professor—his name was Percival—who had been a resident in the island for four or five years, was always to be found at Mon Désir at the *bonne année*. Perhaps, when he arrived, he had entertained hopes of introducing energy and activity of mind and body into the lazy colony. All such hopes, if any existed, were now gone; he dreamed no more of fostering a love for culture, being quite persuaded that things would go on their old way, whatever he said or did. This is, after all, a philosophic line to take; even in quite temperate zones it requires an amazing amount of talk, persuasion, entreaty, tears, expostulation, kicks, shoves, cuffs, boxes on the ear, admonitions of stick, to move the people a small six inches; in tropical countries it wants ten times the energy to produce a far more miserable result, and fever is the almost certain consequence. Therefore the Professor sat down, and said that uncultured man was probably as happy as he of the æsthetic crowd; and that, for his own part, he should cultivate his garden, which words, like those of Candide, were an allegory. He found himself much happier when he had ceased to make himself unhappy about the downward tendencies, swinishness, and grovelling of the islanders. He was cheerful again; he recovered his spirits, began again to tell stories, and regarded life as an optimist. In person he was shorter than most; he made up for that by being broader than most; he wore a big brown beard and spectacles; he had a catholic taste for wine of all kinds, if only it was good, and was almost a Frenchman in his admiration of all pretty women.

There was one other guest whom one should notice among all the rest. It was the Padre.

He was young, quite young, and enthusiastic. When he left Oxford to be ordained a Bishop's Chaplain for Palmiste he thought he was coming to a place which was crying aloud for the guidance of the Church. He dreamed of an obedient and docile flock, patiently awaiting instruction. He would instruct them; he would guide them—to be sure, he had only, with great difficulty, secured a humble third in Moderations—he would lead them. And to ecclesiasticism of the Keble College kind he would add by degrees æsthetics, athletics, art, and culture. There was not as yet in the whole island one single piece of blue china, nor a peacock's feather, nor a picture of the latest school, nor a *ballade* of the prig-poets, nor any old silver or lace, nor ritual, nor vestments or incense—all were downright sturdy independent Protestants, Scotch Presbyterians, and so forth. So that a deep depression fell upon the young man's soul. He was so young, too, that he could not bear to see things going on without joining in them; and so sensitive that he felt the ridicule of his own long skirts; and so sharp that he saw how his profession was more respected than beloved, and that his presence was too often a *gêne*. Then he was too sincere not to be grieved by the thirstiness of his companions; their random talk, their "wild words," their readiness to play cards, and their eagerness to laugh at a good story. He tried to tell a few good stories himself, but perceived with pain that he did not succeed in making his hearers laugh. A tall, thin young man, with the narrow high forehead and straight features often found in enthusiastic young clergymen; one of the kind who affect great thirst for knowledge, with the air of having known it all beforehand; who have an exasperating way of saying, "Yes, yes, yes," to whatever is said; and a man perfectly sincere, perfectly virtuous, honorable, and religious, whose life is bound to be a failure because he understandeth not his fellow-man.

As they came out upon the veranda of the pavilion, one by one, they began to disperse. The Assistant Colonial Secretary, observing the remarkable neatness of the Padre's dress, the length of his skirts, and the glossiness of his trousers, proposed to take him for a pleasant walk among the hills. They set off together. Those who saw them start reported an ominous twinkle in the Secretary's eyes, and a courtesy in his demeanor not always remarkable in his treatment of the cloth. When they returned, about nine o'clock, the Padre's long coat in ribbons, and his glossy trousers held together by pins and bits of string, they remembered that twinkle, though the Secretary now takes blame to himself, and says that he ought to have taken thought of the Chinese raspberries and other thorny underwoods on that hillside. He may be very sorry, but his impersonation of the Padre in a thorny thicket, caught by the skirts, is funny, and has been known to make even the Bishop laugh. As for the Professor, he went into the garden and cut a pine-apple, and found a shady place to eat it in. Then he returned to the pavilion and threw himself into the hammock, there to read a French novel, which the Pink Boy thought was a learned treatise, and therefore would not interrupt. Sandy McAndrew took a gun and went to take pot shots at the bo's'n-birds in the ravine. His partner, with an eye to business, borrowed an umbrella and went to inspect the canes. And the Pink Boy, left alone because no one invited him to join his party, ventured timidly to the veranda of the house in hopes of finding Miss Ferrier alone, and getting a talk. She was not there; but the Squire was, and they went for a walk together, which was not quite the same thing.

The Honorable Guy Talbot Ferrier, born, as Debret tells everybody, in the year 1853, was therefore on New-Year's Day, 1881, in his twenty-eighth year. He was, at first sight, a singularly handsome young man, whose features were regular, figure tall and upright, and eyes of a soft dark blue. His voice was musical and full, and his hands were small. He would have formed, in fact, an excellent model for a sculptor, and by simply changing his expression—nothing more—a most beautiful and poetical portrait might have been made of him. It was, however, just his expression which spoiled him. He had got, somehow, the wrong one, and so an incongruous and uncomfortable effect was produced. There are a great many young men like him in this respect. Nature intended them for one expression, and they have gone astray, and so got another which does not fit. Later on in life it does not matter, because the manner of life which gives the expression also changes the features. Now in the case of this young gentleman, the nobility of purpose, the resolution of virtue, the courage of principle, which should have appeared naturally on his face, were not there.

Virtuous resolution and high moral principle are not always necessary qualifications for making a young man popular. There were many men much beloved in Ferrier's regiment who were not implacably virtuous; yet Ferrier himself was a man with no friends; he was perfectly well-bred; he was not insolent, he was not boisterous, or loud, or contemptuous, or superior, or any of the things which generally make men unpopular. Yet he was not liked. Many reasons might be assigned to explain this fact: one will be quite sufficient—the young man not only thought of no one but himself, but did not pretend, as many quite selfish men do, to think about anybody. He was thoroughly held and possessed by the love of self. He had but one god—the soul within him which continually craved for something new, something which it could devour, something which would keep it in excitement. Now the man who desires, not before all other things, but to the exclusion of all other things, his own personal gratification, is always in the long-run, if it comes in his way, mainly attracted by gambling. There is a fierce excitement in it; there is the rapid acquisition of money, the possession of which means venal pleasure of all kinds; there is the trampling on other people in order to get it; there are the alternations of fear and hope; no one else is benefited by your success; no one else desires it; every man is wholly for himself; there is but one prize, and all desire it; to make one man happy, the rest must be disappointed. Therefore, though there are many pursuits in which the egoist may gratify his favorite passion, there is none so entirely absorbing and so satisfying as gambling.

A man at eight-and-twenty ought, even in colonial garrison life, to have some other pursuits. Ferrier found none which gave him any pleasure. He played continually: he would have played all day; he was ready to play all night. The pleasing result, so far, was a quagmire of debts and obligations out of which the way would have been dubious even to a rich man. Now the house of Ferrier had never been rich. Lord Ferrier was not rich as a country gentleman; as a Peer he was certainly poor. And at all times there was present to his heir the vision of those debts, and the anxiety how they were to be paid.

This morning he awoke raspy in his temper, as often happens when men sit up till two in the morning to play écarté and drink too much soda-and-brandy. And he remembered that the Major had taken another I O U from him when they parted. And in addition he found that his groom had let down his horse and cut his knees. It was small satisfaction, yet some relief, to kick and cuff the fellow; and when this was done there was still the recollection of that I O U.

"A bad night, Ferrier," said the Major, looking at the little slip of paper in his pocket-book. "This makes thirteen hundred and fifty-five, I think."

Ferrier received the hint in silence.

"If I were you, my boy," continued the Major, "I would drop play for a while, just to let luck come round a bit."

"Luck!" the loser groaned. "There never was such luck as mine."

"I don't think, Ferrier, that I ought to play with you; it isn't fair. I keep my head; you lose yours. I'm an old hand, and you are a young one. I play for the game; you play for the stakes."

"Hang it, man! You can't mean that you don't play to win?"

"Of course I play to win. Every man does. But I think of the game, and you think only of the points. See?"

Ferrier threw himself into one of the long chairs, and relapsed into a gloomy silence. The New Year had begun badly indeed for him. It was going to finish—but this, as yet, he knew not—worse. The Major strolled out with an umbrella, and then there were left on the veranda only the Professor and Ferrier. Presently the Professor dropped his French novel, and lazily swinging in the hammock, contemplated the moody young gentleman with wonder and pity.

"It seems to me," he said to himself after a while, "that here is a young man whose conscience is pegging away at him like the eagle at the man on the rock. I wonder what he has done? To think that Virginie should have a cousin with such a face!"

Indeed, at the moment the face was suffused with such a glow of vindictive wrath, self-reproach, and hatred, that it was quite horrible and terrifying to look upon.

"I wonder who it is, and what he has done? Though, perhaps, it is a person of the other sex," said the Professor. "But it may be, perchance, that the Honorable Guy is possessed of a devil or two."

Toward nine o'clock, the sun being high and the heat of the day fairly begun, the men began to come back, and when the Secretary appeared, leading the discomfited Padre, with his beautiful skirts cut into ribbons like a banana leaf after a hurricane, and his black trousers rent in a hundred places, there arose a shout of admiration and joy quite beautiful to hear. And then they all went to bathe.

Tom, who was the last to return, having been the round of the whole estate, and made notes of short-comings, led the way. He knew the pool where water was coolest—it was half a mile off—where the ravine was the deepest and the narrowest. And he knew the shortest way to it, which was straight down a perpendicular rock about ninety feet deep; but, as he went down there every morning, it never occurred to him that anybody should think of breaking his neck there, and he was greatly surprised when halfway down to see above him the Padre clinging to the rock like a spread eagle, unable to move up or down. Presently the united efforts of the party got him up, and the Professor undertook to lead him to the pool by a safer and more circuitous route.

Oh! the pools and lashers and water-falls and brawling mountain streams of Palmiste! Oh! to sit under a little cascade of four or five feet high, to let the cold water flow over the hot and weary limbs, is a joy which we who shiver in cold latitudes can not understand or even conceive. It belongs almost to the keen and passionate joys; it is one which never palls, of which one is never satiated, the desire for which recurs every morning. "But," said the Professor, "I prefer the long way round."

The bath and walk home, and the dressing which followed, brought them well on to eleven, which, as everybody knows, is the breakfast hour of the Palmiste planter. Eleven o'clock in the forenoon is, in fact, the proper time, the natural time, for eating. We foolish folk of England have abolished breakfast, and substituted luncheon—a meal which spoils the day, depraves the appetite, and ruins the dinner. Nature intended mankind to eat twice in the day, and each time after the fatigue of labor. At eleven, if one gets up at five or thereabouts, the day's work is well-nigh done. After six hours in the saddle among the canes, for instance, as Tom did, one gets home with a hunger almost unintelligible in these climes—a hunger which to a London alderman would make life indeed worth having. With what a cordial will that breakfast was attacked by the guests; how claret flowed, without stint or stay, down thirsty throats; how, after the simple bourgeois plenty of *bouillabaisse*, fish fried, fish boiled, chicken and salad, cutlets, grilled turkey, and deviled bones, a stately prawn curry added nobility to the repast; how coffee was followed by a *chasse*; how Tom distinguished himself beyond and above his peers; how the Pink Boy contemplated the thing with rapturous wonder; and how the Padre thought with something like shame of the plain English rasher and the cup of tea—these are things which may be briefly indicated, not dwelt upon. Envy is a hateful passion, and one must always consider the weaker brethren.

After breakfast there was a rest. Most of them went back to the pavilion for cigars. The Padre, fatigued with the morning's scramble, and perhaps just touched with the unaccustomed wine, fell fast asleep. Only Captain Ferrier remained with the ladies. He had shaken off his moody fit, and was now, having taken a great deal of claret, thoroughly set up and revived. Virginie had a great many questions to ask, and the two ladies sat and listened in their soft and dreamy manner. They talked about England, and the child wanted to know all about her cousins and the noble Head of the House; what the castle was like; what they all did when they were at home in it; what the place was like, and what the people. Her cousin tried to describe them all. But what can a girl understand who knows no winter, no fog, no snow, no east winds, no green inclosures, no English villages, and no old English churches standing amid the graves of all the generations, girt with the old trees?

Meantime, Tom, who knew not the meaning of fatigue, though he had been five hours in the saddle, and had eaten a more enormous breakfast than any of the rest, was busied with what appeared to be a net. At the sight of that net the Professor arose, and softly retired to hide himself in the tool-house with his novel. Tom unrolled his net, examined the meshes, mended one or two places, then rolled it up again. This took half an hour or so. Then he called a boy, and gave it to him with a few directions. Then he rubbed his hands, and announced with a cheerful smile that everything was ready, and they could start as soon as they pleased.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RESTIGOUCHE SALMON.

The Restigouche, a river of New Brunswick, is famed for its salmon. It is a lusty stream, fed by five branches, and when it pours into the Bay of Chaleurs it has a width of three miles. It has all the characteristics of a salmon river, with it rapids, its deep pools, silent reaches, and is the resort of anglers from all parts of the country. New York has a club devoted to salmon fishing, who own a very handsome property on the Restigouche, with extensive fishing privileges. Some years ago Mr. Arthur, now President of the United States, frequently fished the Restigouche, and to his credit is placed some very notable catches of salmon.

In an economic sense New York is largely dependent on the Restigouche River for its stock of fresh salmon. These fine fish, which will aver-

age twenty-five pounds, generally reach the Northern markets about the 20th of May, and are plenty in the first week of July. But, very unfortunately, for the last two years there has been a dearth of salmon in the Restigouche. Whether the river has been overfished, or that, as civilization, with its saw-mills, advances, salmon refuse to ascend the river, it seems quite certain that there will be less salmon this year than in 1881. The first salmon which ever came to New York from this river were sent in 1876, with the opening of the Intercolonial Railroad, as the fish by this route can be forwarded in thirty-six hours.

In fishing the Restigouche, the salmon, as in all other rivers, resort to pools, where the water is deep and quiet. This inclination toward a short period of repose can be understood when we study the habits of the fish. The salmon has come up from the sea, and is doing his best to reach some point high up the river for the purposes of reproduction. Breasting a rapid river, bounding up the falls, his existence has been so far one of toil. In the quiet reaches he takes it more leisurely, but here he rarely rises to the fly.

Many are the wonderful devices of the salmon angler, and marvellous is the tackle he uses. With a fish of forty pounds it seems almost miraculous that such a slender rod should ever gain the mastery, for the salmon is a determined fighter, and the gamest of all game fish. The fly is gracefully tripped over the pool, there is a gurgle, a rise, and the strike, quick and sharp, follows. Then comes the first mad run. The reel whizzes as the long and delicate but strongest of all lines is given him. The salmon rarely sulks, though he may try and find refuge under the bowlders. At last he tires, then it is time to urge him to a renewed effort. It is one long fight. A half-hour may elapse before your fish loses his vigor. Then how gradually and cautiously you must manœuvre him, until, when exhausted with this struggle for life, the cruel gaff is affixed in his silver sides, and he is landed.

Salmon culture in the Restigouche has been attempted, and at Matapediac there is a provincial hatching-house. How long this river will continue to be the resort of the salmon angler will, of course, depend on the fish. In the provinces, salmon rivers are carefully preserved, and the Restigouche particularly so. It is therefore difficult to account for the scarcity of salmon for the last two years in all the Canadian streams. It would be, however, quite premature to advance any idea in the sense that these rivers would not be productive in the future. The particular phenomena which govern fish are not as yet fully understood, save that anadromous fish, being found in a certain locality, are sensibly diminished by overfishing, and this, according to the opinion of the Canadian fish commissioners, has too often been the case.

There is no more beautiful fish in the world than the *Salmo salar* of this river, for its peculiar elegance of shape, beauty of color, and gamy qualities. Last year, just about this date, a New York gentleman, a member of the Restigouche Salmon Club, took, in a few hours' fishing, five salmon, which would average twenty-five pounds each.

HOW THE WIND BLOWS.

One night little Annie kept watching the clock,
Watching and waiting for some one to knock;
But when Willy stood on the kitchen floor,
She was far more busy than ever before.

She had not a moment in which to talk,
And she did not care for a moonlight walk;
The milk was to strain, little Annie said,
And the yeast to set for to-morrow's bread.

But Love is so blind, and Will wouldn't see
That Annie was cold as a girl could be;
He had come to woo, and he wished to stay,
Though Annie was wishing him far away.

So he lingered on till young Robin came:
Little Annie blushed when she heard his name.
She bid him come in, with a smile and a sigh;
She glanced at him oft with a kindly eye.

As she cheerfully hurried with hands and feet,
She asked him after his sheep and his wheat;
And many and sweet were the words she said,
As she strained the milk and leavened the bread.

Then Willie saw things in a clearer light;
He watched them awhile, and said "Good-night";
For well he knew that a feather will show
A sensible man how the wind doth blow.

He said to himself, "Oh, a girl will tell
By a glance or a step, if she loves you well;
A glance or a step, if a man isn't blind,
Is the straw in the wind of a woman's mind."

And in life, as in love, 'tis the same, I say—
Trifles hold the key, and they point the way;
For a feather will show what wind doth blow,
Or a straw, if the tide doth ebb or flow.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1327.]

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Orley Farm," "The Warden," "Is He Popenjoy?" "Marion Fay," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS ALTIFIORLA'S ARRIVAL.

Yes: Sir Francis Geraldine was a beast for mischief! Thinking the matter over, he resolved that Mr. Western should not be left in the dark as to his wife's episode. And he determined that Mr. Western would think more of the matter if it were represented to him that his wife had been jilted, and had been jilted unmistakably, before they two had met each other on the Continent. He was right in this. According to the usages of the world, the lady would have less to say for herself if that were the case, and would have more difficulty in saying it. Therefore the husband would be the more bound to hear it. Sir Francis was a beast for mischief, but he knew what he was about.

But so did not Mrs. Western when she allowed those opportunities to pass by her which came to her for telling her story before her marriage. In very truth, she had had no reason for concealing it but that his story had been so nearly the same. On this account she had put it off, and put it off, and then the fitting time had passed by. When she was with him alone after their marriage, she could not do it—without confessing her fault in that she had not done it before.

And there was a peculiarity of manner in him of which she became day by day more conscious. He could be very generous for good conduct to those dependent on him, but seemed to be one who could with difficulty forgive an injury. He wished to have everything about him perfect, and then life should go as soft as a summer's day. He was almost idolatrous to her in these first days of their marriage, but then he had found nothing out. Cecilia, knowing his character, asked herself, after all, what there was to be found out. How often that question must occur to the girl just married! But there was nothing. He was pleased with her person, pleased with her wit, pleased that money should have been offered to him, and pleased that for the present he should have declined it. He liked her dress, and her willingness to change any portion of it at his slightest hint. He liked her activity and power of walking, and her general adaptability to himself. He was pleased with everything. But she had the secret at her heart.

"I wonder that you should have lived so long and never have been in love before," he said to her one day as they were coming home.

"How do you know?" She blushed as she answered him, but it was a matter as to which any girl might blush.

"I am sure you were not. I should have heard of it." And yet she was silent. She felt at the moment that the time had come, the only possible time. But she let the moment pass by. Though she was ever thinking of her secret, and ever wishing that she could tell it, longing that it had been told, she could not bear that it should be surprised from her in this way. "I think it nicer as it is," he added as he left the room.

Then she got up and stood alone on the floor, thinking of it all. There she stood for ten minutes thinking of it. She would follow him, and, not throwing herself on her knees—but standing boldly before him, tell him all. There was no disgrace in it—to have loved that other man. Of her own conduct she was confident before all the world. There had been so little secrecy about it that she almost had a right to suppose that it had been known to all men. The more she tried to bring herself to follow him and tell him, the more she assured herself there should be no necessity. How ought she to have told him, and when? At every point of his story should she have made known to him the same point in hers? "It was exactly the same with me." "I wouldn't have my young man because he was indifferent." "With yours there was another lover ready. That has yet to come with me." "You have come abroad for consolation. So have I." It would have been impossible—was impossible. "I think it nicer as it is," he had said, and she could not do it.

There was some security while they were travelling, and she wished that they might travel forever. She was happy while with him alone—and so too was he. But for her secret she was completely happy. Let him only be kept in the dark and he would be happy always. She idolized him as her own. She loved him the better for thinking that "it was nicer as it is"—or would have done, had it been so. Why should they go where some sudden tidings might mar his joy—where some sudden tidings certainly would do sooner or later? Still they went on and on till in May they reached her house in Berkshire—he with infinite joy at his heart, and she with the load upon hers.

Early in May they reached Durton Lodge, in Berkshire, and there they staid during the summer. Mr. Western had his house in London, and there was a question whether they would not go there for the season. But Cecilia had begged to be taken to her house in the country, and there she remained. Durton Lodge was little more than a cottage, but it was very pretty and prettily situated. When the Ascot week came he offered to take her there, but offered it with a smile which she understood to mean that his proposal should not be accepted. Indeed, she had no wish for Ascot, or for any place in which he or she must meet their old friends. Might it not be possible, if they both could be happy at Durton, that there they might remain, with some minimum of intercourse with the world? Six months had now passed by since they had become engaged, and no good-natured friend had as yet told him the truth. Might it not be possible that the same silence should be as yet preserved? If years could be made to run on, then he would have become used to her, and the telling of the secret would not be so severe.

But there came to her a great trouble in regard to her letters from Exeter. Miss Altifiorla would fill hers with long statements about Sir Francis which had no interest whatsoever, but which required to be at once destroyed. She soon learned in her married life that her husband had no wish to see her letters. She would so willingly have shown them to him, would have taken such a joy in asking for his sympathy, such a delight in exposing Miss Altifiorla's peculiar views of life, that she lost much by her constrained reticence. But this necessity of destroying papers was very grievous to her. Though she knew that he would not read the letters without her permission, still she must destroy them. In every possible way she endeavored to silence her correspondent, not answering her at first, and then giving her such answers as were certainly not affectionate. But in no way would Miss Altifiorla be "snubbed." Then after a while she proposed to come and stay a week at Durton Lodge. This was not to be endured. The very thought of it filled poor Mrs. Western's heart with despair. And yet she did not like to refuse without telling her husband. Of Miss Altifiorla she had already made mention, and Mr. Western had been taught to laugh at the peculiarities of the old maid. "Pray do not have her," she said to him. "She will make you very uncomfortable, and my life will be a burden to me."

"But what can you say to her?"

"No room," suggested Cecilia.

"But there are two rooms."

"I know there are. But is one to be driven by a strict regard to literal truth to entertain an unwelcome friend? Miss Altifiorla thought that I ought not to have married you, and as I thought I ought, we had some words about it."

"Whom did she want you to marry?" asked Mr. Western, with a laugh.

"Nobody. She is averse to marriage altogether."

"Unless she was the advocate of some other suitor, I do not see that I need quarrel with her. But she is your friend and not mine, and if you choose to put her off, of course you can do so. I would advise you to find something more probable than the want of a bedroom in a house in which one only is occupied."

There was truth in this. What reason could she find? Knowing her husband's regard to truth, she did not dare to suggest any reason to her friend more plausible than the want of a room, but still essentially false. She was driven about thinking that she would get her husband to take her away from home for a while. For two or three days the letter remained unanswered. When her husband suggested to her that she had better write, "Could we not go somewhere?" she replied, with a look of trouble on her brow.

"Run away from home on account of Miss Altifiorla?" said he. She was beginning to be afraid of him, and knew that it was so. She did not dare to declare to him her thoughts, and was afraid at every moment that he should read them.

"Then I must just tell her that we can't have her."

"That will be best—if you have made up your mind. As far as I am concerned, she is welcome. Any friend of yours would be welcome."

"Oh, George, she would bore you out of your life!"

"I am not so easily bored. I am sure that any intimate friend of yours would have something to say for herself."

"Oh, plenty."

"And as for her having been an advocate for single life, she had not seen me, and therefore her reasons could not have been personal. There are a great many young women, thirty years old and upward, who take up the idea. They do not wish to subject themselves, perhaps because they have not been asked by the right person."

"I don't think there have been any persons here. Not that she is bad-looking."

"Perhaps you think I shall fall in love with her."

"I'd have her directly. But she is the last person in the world I should think of."

"I can get on very well with any one who has an idea. There is at any rate something to strike at. The young lady who agrees with everything and suggests nothing, is to me the most intolerable. At any rate you had better make up your mind at once, or you'll have her here before you know where you are."

It was this which did, indeed, happen. On the day after the last conversation Mrs. Western wrote her letter. In it she expressed her sorrow that engagements for the present prevented her from having the power to entertain her friend. No doubt the letter was cold and unfriendly. As she read it over to herself she declared that she would have been much hurt to have received such a letter from her friend. But she declared again that under no circumstances could she have offered herself as Miss Altifiorla had done. Nevertheless she felt ashamed of the letter. All of which, however, became quite unnecessary when, in the course of the afternoon, Miss Altifiorla appeared at Durton Lodge. She arrived with a torrent of reasons. She had come up to London on business which admitted of no excuse. She was sure that her friend's letter must have gone astray—that letter which for the last three days she had been expecting. To return from London to Exeter without seeing her dear friend would be so unfeeling and unnatural! She must have come to Durton Lodge or must have returned to Exeter. In fact, she so put it as to make it appear impossible that she should not have come.

"My dear Miss Altifiorla," said Mr. Western, "I am sure that Cecilia is delighted to see you. And as for me, you are quite welcome." But, as a fact, there she was. There was no sending her away again—no getting her out of the house without a sojourn of some days. Whatever mischief she might do might be done at once. There could be no doubt that she would begin to talk of Sir Francis Geraldine, and declare the secret which it was now the one care of Cecilia's mind to keep away from her husband. It mattered not that her presence there showed her to be vulgar, impertinent, and obtrusive. There she was, and must be dealt with as a friend—or as an enemy. Again Cecilia almost made up her mind as to the better course. Let her go to her husband and tell him all, and tell him also why it was that she told him now. Let her endure his anger, and then there would be an end of it. There was nothing else as to which she had need to dread him.

But again, when she found herself with him, he was happy and jocund, and jested with her about her friend. She could not get him into the humor in which it was proper that he should be told. She did not tell him, and went down to dinner with the terrible load about her heart. Three or four times during the evening the conversation was on the point of turning to matters in which the name of Sir Francis Geraldine would surely be mentioned. With infinite care, but without showing her care, she contrived to master the subject, and to force her friend and her husband to talk of other things. But the struggle was very great, and she was aware that it could not be repeated. The reader will remember, perhaps, the stern thoughts which Miss Holt had entertained as to her friend when her friend had thought proper to give her some idea of what her duty ought to be in regard to her present husband. She remembered well that Miss Altifiorla had written to her, asking whether Mr. Western had forgiven "that episode." And her mother, too, had in writing dropped some word—some word intended to be only half intelligible as to the question which Miss Altifiorla had asked after the wedding breakfast. She knew well what had been in the woman's mind, and knew also what had been in her own. She remembered how proudly she had disdained the advice of this woman when it had been given to her. And yet now she must go to her and ask for mercy.

She went up to Miss Altifiorla's room after she had gone for the night, and found her friend getting into bed, happy with the assistance of a strange maid. "Oh, my dear," said Miss Altifiorla, "my hair is not half done yet. Are you in a hurry for Mary?"

"I will go to my own room," said Mrs. Western, "and when Mary will tell me that you are ready, I will come to you. There is something I have to tell you." She had not been five minutes in her own room before Mary summoned her. The "something" to be told took immediate hold of Miss Altifiorla's imagination, and induced her to be ready for bed with her hair, we may suppose, half "done."

"Francesca," said Mrs. Western, as soon as she entered the room, "I have a favor to ask you."

"A favor?"

"Yes, a favor." She had come prepared with her request down to the very words in which it should be uttered. "I do not wish you, while you remain here, to make any allusion to Sir Francis Geraldine." Miss Altifiorla almost whistled as she heard the words spoken. "You understand me, do you not? I do not wish any word to be said which may by chance lead to the mention of Sir Francis Geraldine's name. If you will understand that, you will be able to comply with my wishes." Her request she made almost in the stern words of an absolute order. There was nothing humble in her demeanor, nothing which seemed to tell of a suppliant. And having given her command, she remained quiet, waiting for an answer.

"Then this was the reason why you didn't answer me. You did not want to see me, and therefore remained silent."

"I did not want to see you. But it was not on that account that I remained silent. I should have written to you. Indeed, I have written to you, and the letter would have gone to-day. I wrote to you putting you off. But as you are here, I have to tell you my wishes. I am sure that you will do as I would have you."

"I have to think of my duty," said Miss Altifiorla.

Then there came a black frown on Mrs. Western's brow. Duty! What duty could she have in such a matter, except to her? She suspected the woman of a desire to make mischief. She felt confident that the woman would do so unless repressed by the extraction from her of a promise to the contrary. She did believe that the woman would keep her word—that she would feel herself bound to preserve herself from the accusation of direct falsehood; but from her good feeling, from her kindness, from her affection, from that feminine bond which ought to have made her silent, she expected nothing. "Your duty, Francesca, in this matter is to me," said Mrs. Western, assuming a wonderful severity of manner. "You have known me many years, and are bound to me by many ties. I tell you what my wishes are. I can not quite explain my reasons, but I do not doubt that you will guess them."

"You have kept the secret?" said Miss Altifiorla, with a devilish mixture of malice, fun, and cunning.

"It does not matter what I have done. There are reasons which made me wish to avoid your immediate coming. At the present moment it would interfere gravely with his happiness and with mine were he to learn the circumstances of Sir Francis Geraldine's courtship. Of course it is painful to me to have to say this to you. It is so painful that to avoid it I have absolutely written to you telling you not to come. This I have done, not to avoid your coming, which would otherwise have been a pleasure to me, but to save myself from this great pain. Now you know it all, and know also what it is that I expect from you."

Miss Altifiorla listened to this in silence. She was seated in an easy bedroom chair, clothed from head to foot in a pale pink dressing-gown, from which the color was nearly washed out, and her hair, as I have said, was "half done." But in her trouble to collect her thoughts she became quite unaware of all accessories. Her dear friend Cecilia had put the matter to her so strongly that she did not quite dare to refuse. But yet what a fund of gratification might there not be in telling such a story under such circumstances to the husband! She sat silent for a while, meditating on it, till Mrs. Western roughly forced a reply from her lips. "I desire to have your promise," said Mrs. Western.

"Oh yes, of course."

"You will carefully avoid all allusion to the subject?"

"Since you wish it, I will do so."

"That is sufficient. And now good-night."

"I know that I am doing wrong," said Miss Altifiorla.

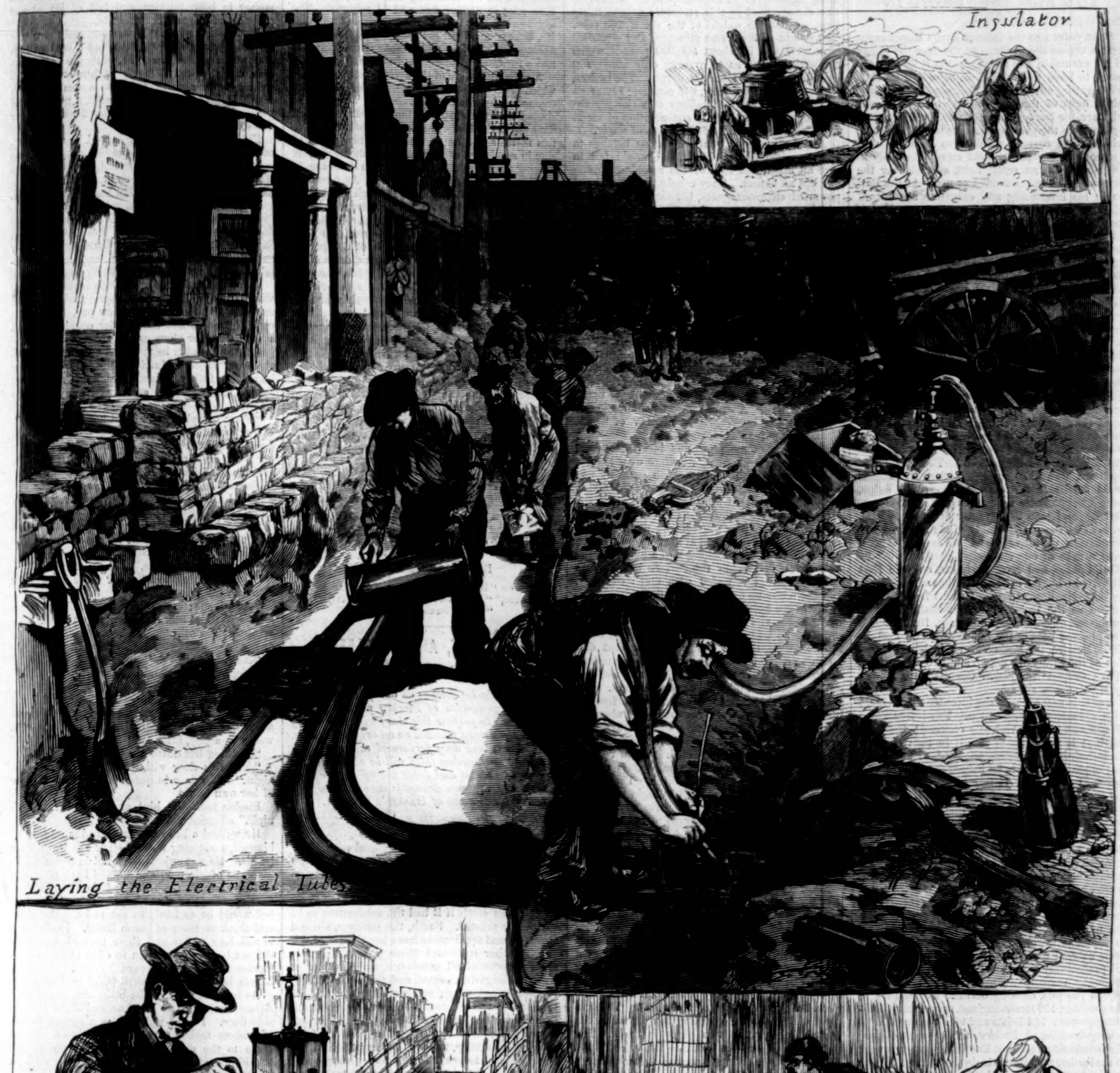
"You would indeed be doing wrong," said Mrs. Western, "if you were to take upon yourself to destroy my happiness on such a matter after having been duly warned."

[to be continued.]

THE LION'S GENEROSITY.

J. BULL (*who is giving himself away*). "You must keep this."
U. SAM. "No, I don't want it, it's too dead, and has been gnawed too much by you."

[FRELINGHUYSEN *to* GRANVILLE.]



THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN HOUSES—LAYING THE TUBES FOR WIRES IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 394.]

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN HOUSES.

SOME years ago the famous Baron Munchausen took a trip to the moon. At the time the object of his excursion was unknown, but it is now supposed to have been taken on behalf of an electric lighting company, to discover how the soft white light of the heavenly orb was produced; whether, for instance, the light was supplied from dynamos in the geographical centre of the moon, whether the current could be so equalized that dynamos at any point could supply the body at all points with an equal light, and whether the current could be subdivided or not. As the Baron in his interesting and extensive account of his tour does not touch upon these matters, it may be presumed that his mission was a failure. At any rate nothing came of it, and it was reserved for Mr. EDISON to evolve without a lunary excursion a method of producing artificially that soft white light which has furnished a theme for so many poets; so that the poets of the future will soon be able to get up a little private moon, each for himself, and to apostrophize, even when the heavens without are overcast, the silver rays as they come dancing over a basin of water—though it is to be devoutly hoped that the number of poets will not increase with the number of electric lights.

Mr. EDISON'S invention naturally met with much opposition, and though the opposition has diminished considerably, there are still many who refuse to put faith in the system. They fear that the electric light, like the moon it resembles, will prove "false and inconstant." The first lot of doubters, who did not believe that Mr. EDISON could subdivide the current into small lights, were silenced some time ago by the actual subdivision, and soon the inventor proposes to illustrate to us the practicability of his system by illuminating the streets and houses in about a square mile of our city—that part bounded by Wall, Spruce, and Nassau streets, and the East River. In England the system has already been tested. Mr. EDISON runs a current from what is known as the Holborn Viaduct Station, and illuminates, among other buildings, Dr. PARKER'S Temple, and part of the London General Post-office. Besides, the Scala Theatre in Milan, a portion of the Strasburg dépôt, and two steam-ships of the Oregon Navigation Company are lighted by Mr. EDISON'S system.

Yet it is natural that the inventor should meet with considerable opposition. The introduction of gas was at first violently opposed; and now that gas is generally in use, it in turn opposes the introduction of the electric light. How strong that opposition is, may be judged from the money power at its back. It is computed that about one thousand millions of dollars are invested in gas all the world over. Of this amount about three hundred and eighty-five millions are invested in the United States, and about four hundred and five millions in England.

In selecting the down-town district for the first experiment on a large scale in this country, Mr. EDISON had in view the fact that besides the large consumption of gas in this district, there is a good deal of steam motor power employed, which the Edison Electric Lighting Company propose to supplant by electric motor power from the same current which supplies the light. A careful preliminary canvass of this district gave the following statistics: There are in the district 18,043 gas jets, burning between five and six in the evening; 129 steam-engines, aggregating 2388-horse-power; 742 hoists and 90 elevators, and 80 sewing-machines. Besides, the canvass elicited the interesting fact that live horse-power is used in the leather manufactories in the Swamp. Eighty horses tramp over treadles in the top stories of buildings. Some of these horses are kept there from the time they are taken up until they die.

A canvass of the Madison Square district, bounded by Twenty-fourth and Thirty-eighth streets and the Eighth and Madison avenues, where work will soon begin, elicited facts which are interesting when contrasted with the statistics of the first district. There are in the houses 41,000 gas jets, seventeen buildings (hotels and theatres) burning over 500 gas jets each; 52 steam-engines, aggregating 1453-horse-power; only 3 hoists, and 14 elevators; 220 pumps; and 2284 sewing-machines. The buildings where the most sewing-machines are found contain the fewest gas jets.

In regard to using the current for motor power, we quote Mr. EDISON himself. "We can," he said, "subdivide the electric motor down to one-hundredth of a horse-power. To run a sewing-machine takes the same amount of electricity as is required to run a lamp of sixteen-candle-power—the ordinary lamp. We can run a sewing-machine all day long at a cost to the consumer of five cents. There are in New York some 240,000 sewing-machines, and there is no reason why we should not supply power to run most of these."

The streets in the down-town district require thirteen miles of pipe. The Madison Square district embraces 185 acres, or forty-seven blocks, aggregating in length about 45,000 feet. As the pipe in this district will be laid on both sides of the street, about 90,000 feet of pipe will be required.

The central station of the down-town district is located at Nos. 255 and 257 Pearl Street. Much work was required before the building was ready for the plant. This consists of six dynamos, and six engines to run the dynamos, and includes incidentally four boilers, with an aggregate capacity of 1000-horse-power, boiler fittings, two large smoke-stacks, steam conveyers for coal and ashes, shafting, blowers, and the pumping and blowing apparatus. The placing of these requires vaults under the sidewalk, and a two-story iron framework resting on a strong bed of masonry and concrete. Each of the six engines has a normal capacity of 125-horse-power, and a maximum capacity of 200-horse-power, making a total maximum capacity of 1200-horse-power. A dynamo like the six used in this structure weighs thirty tons, so that the weight of the six is 180 tons. The weight of the frame structure and electrical apparatus will be about 500,000 pounds, which is distributed so as to average only about 200 pounds per square foot of structure. The boilers, when under full headway, will consume 1680 tons of coal and 4,200,000 gallons of water per annum, equivalent to a daily consumption of about five tons of coal and 11,500 gallons of water.

A full description of the dynamos belongs to strictly scientific periodicals, and would fail to give an intelligent idea of the machines to any one but an expert. They consist in the main of powerful electro-magnets, between the poles of which an armature or inducing coil is revolved by the steam-engine. From the armature the electric current flows through the conductors in the pipe laid in the street as water flows through a main, and similarly it flows from whatever point the pipes are tapped into the houses. The strength of the current can be regulated according to the amount of work required of it at any moment, so that there will be no waste of power or material. A regulator, namely, by varying the resistance of the circuit of the dynamo's field magnets, weakens or strengthens the current induced in the armature. An electro-motive-force indicator shows instantly any variation of the current produced by the turning on or extinguishing of any number of lights in the circuit. A supplementary indication is shown in the burning of a number of "pilot lights" in the regulating room.

The laying of the pipes and incidentals form an interesting and popular feature of the work. The writer remembers how much curiosity was excited early in October last by the queer-looking pipes and boxes that were being piled up on the sidewalks of Gold, Spruce, and William streets. Walking down Spruce Street one day he saw a number of people gathered at the corner of Spruce and William streets looking into a hole. In the hole a few feet below the surface was an iron box, which was regarded with much curiosity. But there was no one to explain the *raison d'être* either of the hole or of the box. Soon some men came along and began filling up the hole, but they had no information to give. Looking down Spruce Street, though, the writer saw that digging was going on in Gold Street. As he neared the spot he saw boxes similar to that in the hole on William Street piled up on the sidewalk. The roadway on either side was dug up a few feet below the surface. A man was skipping about in the ditch with a tape measure, and several others were carrying small iron pipes, from which two thick pieces of metal projected. When an iron pipe was laid and measured, one of the mysterious boxes was lifted into the ditch. The writer was told that the Edison Electric Light Company were laying pipes from which wires were to be led into the houses and business places of a portion of the city bounded by Nassau, Wall, and Spruce streets and the East River; and that Mr. DODGE, one of the engineers of the company, could explain the process.

According to Mr. DODGE, the pipes are ordinary iron pipes which incase thick copper wire—the metal seen projecting from the pipes lying on the sidewalk—separated from the iron by an insulating substance. Five kinds of boxes, not differing much in size, are used. They are about a foot long, six inches wide, and made of iron. They are respectively junction boxes, coupling boxes, service boxes, and safety boxes, and a combination of the coupling and service boxes. The simplest of these is the coupling box, in which the connection between two pipes is made. The pipes rest on sections cut into the sides of the box, the pieces of metal projecting from either pipe being connected by clamps. The box is then filled up with a molten insulating fluid, which cools into a solid. Then the lid of the box is closed. The combination coupling and service boxes have in addition to the regular two sections a third, through which the wires are "served" into the houses.

The safety box is an ingenious contrivance to prevent danger from the heat caused by accidental crossing of the wires. The principle on which it works is as follows: Should wires cross by accident, the damage caused by the ensuing heat would be considerable. In the safety box the lines of copper wire are interrupted by lead. Almost instantaneously with the crossing of wires, the heat runs along to the lead and melts it. Thus the circuit is broken, and the danger averted. These boxes are on the corner of every street, and open from the sidewalk, and an inspection of them shows whether or not the wires along the block are in good condition. Through the junction boxes the lines cross at the corners.

The lamps in which the wires terminate are the Edison Incandescent Lamps. Each consists of a pear-shaped globe about four and a half inches in height, exhausted of air, into which is sealed a filament of carbonized bamboo slightly thicker than a horse-hair. This filament becomes incandescent when the electricity passes through it, and emits a soft white light. The lamp is screwed into a socket, which is permanently attached to a chandelier or bracket of a shape or size to suit individual fancies. The lamp, once screwed into the socket, needs no further attention or care until the carbon breaks. Then in a few seconds it is unscrewed and replaced by a new lamp. When a lamp breaks, the inrush of air at once extinguishes the carbon filament, so that if the lamp were wrapped in paper, this would not be ignited. Mr. EDISON says he would be willing to break one of his lamps in the middle of a barrel of gunpowder. Each is turned on or off by a key, and is perfectly independent of the others, so that lights may be controlled singly, in pairs, or in groups of any desired number. In order to ascertain the average "life" of sixteen-candle lamps, ten selected at random were set burning on April 18, 1881. One of them burned until the following 7th of December, at 3.30 P.M., or 3186 hours and 41 minutes. The average life was 1425 hours. A year before that Mr. EDISON could not get his lamps to last on an average longer than 600 hours. He expects to make further improvements in them.

A popular feature of the system will be a meter which will measure the quantity of electricity consumed by each consumer, and which is so simple that the customer himself can check off the company's bills. The London *Times* describes this meter as "a bottle containing two plates of zinc in a solution of zinc sulphate, the current in passing causing the one plate to increase in weight at the expense of the other. As, however, if the whole current passed through the bottle, this change would go on too rapidly, a properly proportioned shunt wire allows just $\frac{1}{970}$ of the electricity going into the house main to pass through the meter. The estimate of the quantity consumed is made once a quarter, or as often as may be convenient, by weighing the plates in the bottle, a second bottle being supplied, the plates of which the consumer may weigh for himself as a check upon the company."

The straightforward, quiet, business-like method with which the company's work is being pushed is due to the vice-president, Major S. B. EATON, who has complete and thorough superintendence of the illuminating system. Mr. EDISON has calculated that 800,000 gas jets are now burned in New York city. All these he hopes some day to supplant with electric lamps.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1325.]

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A SERIES OF

GOOD STORIES,

WITH NO WASTE OF WORDS.

By CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "HARD CASH," "PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE," "FOUL PLAY," "GRIFFITH GAUNT," "THE WOMAN-HATER," ETC.

SINGLEHEART, AND DOUBLEFACE.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

[*Owing to the inefficiency of our present statutes for the protection of literary property, I am compelled to preface this story with a warning that it is a story founded on an original drama, which has been duly performed and registered, so that no heartless thief will be able to take a pair of scissors and drive me off the stage by means of my own dramatic invention snipped out of the columns of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER I.

MATTHEW BRENT, a small shop-keeper in Green Street, Liverpool, was a widower with two daughters. Deborah, the elder, had plenty of tongue and mother-wit, but could not and would not study anything on earth if it had the misfortune to be written or printed. Sarah, the younger, showed attention and application from her childhood.

Her father cultivated those powers, for they are the roots of all excellence, and he knew it. He sent the girl to school, and there she learned the usual smattering; and one thing worth it all, viz., how to teach herself. Under that abler tuition she learned to write like a clerk, to keep her father's books, to remember the price of every article in the shop, to serve the customers when required, and to read for her own pleasure and instruction. At eighteen she was Brent's right hand all day, and his reader at night.

Deborah, who could only spell *The Mercury*, and would do that if she could get Sally to read it out, found her level as cook, housekeeper, and market-woman. At twenty she was very tall, supple, and muscular; comely, but freckled, reddish hair, a very white skin, only it tanned easily. It revealed its natural beauty in her throat, and above all in the nape of her neck. This nape, snowy and solid, and a long row of ivory teeth, were her beauties. She married quite young—her father's cousin, a small farmer—and settled in Berkshire, her native county.

Sarah Brent was about two inches shorter than Deborah, but a finer figure; had an oval face full of modesty and gentle dignity. Her skin was also white, and revealed itself in her shapely hands as well as her alabaster throat. Her hair brown, and so were two fearless eyes that looked at people full without staring. When she was nineteen, a worthy young fellow, called Joseph Pinder, fell in love with her and courted her. He was sheepish and distant in his approaches, for he looked on her as a superior being. She never chattered, yet could always answer civilly and wisely; this, and her Madonna-like face, made Joe Pinder reverence her. Her father thought highly of him, and connived at his visits, and so they were often seen together in a friendly way; but when he began to make downright love to her, she told him calmly she could go no farther than friendship; "and indeed," said she, "I would never leave my father for any young man."

Joseph Pinder knew that this declaration has often preceded connubial rites, and continued his friendly assiduities; and these two often came back from church together, he glowing with delight at being near her, and she cool and friendly.

The Brents were in a small way of business, and Sarah's adorer was a decorative painter, and what is called in trade a "writer"—one of those astounding artists who by skillful shading make gilt letters appear concave, or convex, or stand out bodily from a board or wall, and blazon a shop-keeper's name and business. On one occasion he had a large job of this sort to do in Manchester. It took him a fortnight, and led to another at Preston. In a month he came back with money in both pockets, and full of joy at the prospect of meeting Sarah again.

He found the Brents at supper, and there was a young man with them who had a deal to say, and made the old man smile, while the young woman often looked furtively at him with undisguised complacency. This was a second cousin of Mr. Brent's, one James Mansell, a painter and grainer, who had settled in the town while Pinder was away.

Pinder's heart sank at this, and instead of exerting himself in vigorous competition, he became more silent and more depressed the more James Mansell rattled away; in short, he was no company at all, because the other was good company.

After a while he said "Good-night."

A coquette would have followed him to the door and smoothed matters; but that was not Sarah Brent's line; she said "Good-night" kindly enough, but she never moved, and James Mansell's tongue resumed its headlong course.

This was the first of many such scenes. Sarah was always kind, but cool, to her old admirer, and manifestly attracted by the new one. Indeed, it came to this at last that Pinder could never get a walk with her alone except from church.

On one occasion he ventured on a mild remonstrance: "If you had not told me you would never leave your father, I should be almost afraid *that* James Mansell would entice you away from us all."

"From everybody else; but not from father."

One would think that was plain enough, but Joe could not realize it, and he went on to ask her if she could really find it in her heart to throw such an old friend as him over for a stranger.

She replied, calmly: "Am I changed to you any way? I always respected you, and I respect you still."

"That is a comfort, Sarah. But if this goes on, I'm afraid you will like another man far better than me, whether you respect me or not."

"That is my business," said she, firmly.

"Isn't it mine too, Sarah? We have kept company this two years."

"As friends; but nothing more. I have never misled you, and now if you are wise you will take up with some other girl. You can find as good as me."

"Not in this world."

"Nonsense, Joe; and besides—"

"Well, what?"

"I am one that forecasts a little, and I am afraid you will tease me, and pain yourself, and some day we shall part bad friends, and that would be a pity, after all."

"Nothing but death shall part us."

"Yes, this door will. Father is not well to-night." The door in question was the side door of her own house.

Pinder took the hint, and bade her "Good-night" affectionately.

He walked a little way out into the country by himself, wondering now whether she would ever be his. He was dejected, but not in despair. In his class of life men and women have often two or three warmish courtships before they marry. Sarah was not of that sort, but this James Mansell would be as likely as not to leave the town, and think no more of Sarah Brent. In his trade it was here to-day and there to-morrow, and he did not look like the man to cling to the absent. Pinder returned homeward by Green Street to have a last look at the shell which held his pearl.

As he passed by on the other side of the way, James Mansell came and knocked at Mr. Brent's side door. Pinder waited with a certain degree of jealous malice to see him excluded. Sarah came to the door and parleyed; probably she told him her father was unwell. Pinder went on a little way, and then turned to see.

The colloquy continued. It seemed interminable. The woman he loved was in no hurry now to get back to her sick father, and when she did, what was the result? Mansell was invited in, after all, and the door of heaven closed upon him instead of in his face.

The watcher stood there transfixed with the poisoned arrow of jealousy. He was sick and furious by turns, and at last got frightened at himself, and resolved to keep out of the way of this James Mansell, with whom he had no chance, Sarah's preference was now so clear.

But he was too much in love to forego the walks from church; and Sarah never objected to his company, nor, indeed, to his coming in to supper afterward. But he was sure to find his rival there, and be reduced to a sullen cipher.

So things went on. He did not see what passed between Mansell and Sarah Brent, the open wooing of the man, the timid tumult in the woman, expanding, ripening, blushing, thrilling, and blooming in the new sunshine. But he discovered a good deal; she seemed gliding gradually away from him down a gentle but inexorable slope. She was as friendly in her cool way as ever, but scarcely attended to him. Her mind seemed elsewhere at times, even in that short walk from church, sole relic now of their languid but unbroken friendship.

The time came when even this privilege was disputed. One Sunday James Mansell arrived in Green Street earlier than usual. He heard where Sarah was, so he came to meet her. She was walking with Pinder. Mansell had been drinking a little, and did not know perhaps how little cause he had for jealousy. He stepped rudely in between Pinder and Miss Brent, and took her arm, whereas Pinder had been walking merely by her side.

"What sort of manners are these?" said Pinder.

"They are my manners," said the other, haughtily. "She has no business to walk with you at all."

"Don't insult *her*, at all events. She has walked with me this two year."

"Well, then, now you can go and walk with some other girl."

"Not at your bidding, you brute."

"Oh, you want a hiding, do you?"

"No; it is you that want that."

James Mansell replied by a blow, which took Pinder unawares, and sent him staggering.

He would have followed it up, but Pinder stopped the second neatly, and gave him a smart one in return, crying, "Coward! to take a man unawares." Sarah was terrified, and clasped her hands. "Oh, pray do not quarrel about *me!*"

"Stand aloof," said Mansell, imperiously. "This must end." Sarah obeyed the man, who was evidently her master, but implored him not to hurt Joe Pinder; he was only a friend. The truth is, Mansell had recounted such deeds of prowess that, what with his gasconades and her blind love, she thought no man could have a chance with him.

He sparred well, and hit Pinder several times, but rather short.

Both were soon infuriated, and they were all over the street, fighting and raging.

Under similar circumstances Virgil's heifer browsed the grass in undisturbed tranquillity, content to know that her mate would be the best bull of the two.

Not so Sarah Brent. She clasped her hands and screamed, and implored her hero to be merciful. Her conscience whispered that her inoffensive friend was being hardly used in every way.

Presently her hero, after administering several blows, and making his adversary bleed, received a left-handed stinger that made him recoil. Maddened by this, he rushed at Pinder to annihilate him. But Pinder was no novice either; he drew back on the point of his toe, and met James Mansell's rush with a tremendous slogger that sounded like a falling plank, and shot him to the earth at Sarah Brent's very feet, a distance of some yards.

All was changed in a moment; she literally bounded over the prostrate form, and stood between him and danger; for in Liverpool they fight up and down, as the saying is. "You wretch," she cried, "to kill the man I love!" It was Pinder's turn to stagger before that white cheek, and those fiery eyes, and that fatal word.

"Man you love?" said he.

"I love!—I love!—I love!" cried she, stabbing with swift feminine instinct the monster who had struck her Love.

Then Pinder fell back, subdued, with a sigh of despair; she flung herself down, and raised James Mansell's head and sobbed hysterically over it.

Some people now came up; but Pinder in those few seconds had undergone a change. He stepped forward, thrust the people away, and kneeling down, lifted James Mansell up and took him under his arm. "Leave him to me, Sarah," said he.

"To you?" she sobbed.

"Ay: do you think I shall ever hurt him again, now you have told me you love him?" And he said it so finely she knew he meant it. Then he sent to the market public-house for a sponge and some brandy, and meantime Mansell, who was tough, came to of himself; but the water and brandy completed his restoration to society. It was Pinder who sponged his face and nostrils, and took him to Brent's house, Sarah hovering near all the time like a hen over her chickens. She whipped into the house with her pass-key, and received her favorite at the door, then closed it gently, but decidedly: not that Joe Pinder would have come in if she had asked him. He did not even trust himself to say "Good-night." It was all over between him and her, and of course he knew it.

When she had got James Mansell safe she made him lie down on the little sofa, and sat at his head, applying cool linen rags to his swollen cheeks, and a cut upon his forehead due to Pinder's knuckles.

Presently her father came in from visiting a sick friend, and at sight of this group asked what was to do.

"It is that cruel Joe Pinder been beating him, father; I thought he had killed him."

"What for?"

Sarah blushed and was silent; she wouldn't own that James was the aggressor, and yet she wouldn't tell a falsehood.

"Joe Pinder!" said the old man; "he was never quarrelsome: there's not a better-hearted young man in the town, nor a more respectable. Now you tell me what was the quarrel about?"

"Oh, father!" said Sarah, deprecatingly.

"Ay! ay! I needn't ask," said the old man. "It was about a woman, eh? You might have been better employed, *all three*, this Sabbath evening."

"Well, sir, Sarah was only coming home from church this Sabbath evening," said Mansell; "but as for me, I was as much to blame as the other, so let us say no more about it." Sarah whispered, "You are very generous." The subject dropped till the old man retired to rest, and then James Mansell, who had been brooding, delivered himself thus: "He is not half a bad sort that Joe Pinder. But he is one too many for me, or I am one too many for him, so you must make up your mind this night which is to be your husband, and give the other the sack."

This was virile, and entitled to a feminine reply. It came immediately, in what, perhaps, if we could know the truth, is a formula—not a word—nor even a syllable—but a white wrist passed round the neck, and a fair head deposited like down upon the shoulder of her conqueror.

Joseph Pinder grieved and watched, but troubled the lovers no more. James Mansell pressed Sarah to name the day. She objected. Her father's health was breaking, and she would not leave him. Mansell urged her; she stood firm. He accused her of not loving him; she sighed and wondered he could say that, but was immovable.

By-and-by it all came to her father's ears. He sent for a lawyer directly, and made the shop and house over to Sarah by deed of gift. Then he told her she need not wait for his death; he would prefer to see her happy with the man of her choice, and also to advise her in business for the little while he had to live.

So the banns were cried, and Joseph Pinder heard in silence; and in due course James Mansell was united to Sarah Brent in holy matrimony.

In its humble way this was a promising union. The man was twenty-seven, the woman twenty, and thoughtful beyond her years. They had health and love and occupation; moreover, the man's work took him out of the woman's way, except at meals, and in the evening. Now nothing sweetens married life and divests it of monotony and *ennui* more than these daily partings and meetings. Mansell had three trades, and in one of them (graining) he might be called an artist. He could imitate the common woods better than almost anybody; but at satin-wood, mahogany, and American birch he was really wonderful. Sarah was a first-rate shop-woman, civil, prompt, obliging, and handsome—qualities that all attract in business. She gave no credit beyond a week, and took none at all.

In any class of life it is a fine thing when both spouses can contribute a share to the joint income. This is one of the boons found oftenest among the middle classes. Most laborers' wives can only keep house, and few gentlemen's wives can earn a penny.

The Mansells, then, upon a large and wide survey of life, were in a happy condition—happier far than any pair who do not earn their living.

One day a great sorrow came, but not unexpectedly. Matthew Brent died peacefully, blessing his daughters and his son-in-law.

The next day came a joyful event, Sarah's child was born—a lovely girl.

Mighty nature comforted the bereaved daughter, and soon the home was as cheerful as ever.

Indeed, it was not till the third year of her marriage that a cloud appeared, and that seemed a small one, no bigger than a man's hand.

James Mansell began to come home Saturday night instead of Saturday afternoon; and the reason was clear, he smelled of liquor, and though always sober, his speech was thick on these occasions.

Sarah, who had forecasts, was alarmed, and spoke in time. She remembered something her father—an observant man—had said to her in his day, viz., that your clever specimens of the class which may be called artist-mechanics are often addicted to liquor.

However, this prudent woman thought it best not to raise an argument about drink; she merely represented to her husband that there was now a run upon her shop Saturday afternoon and evening, and really it was more than she could manage without his assistance; would he be so good as to help her? He assisted readily enough, and then the Saturday afternoons became her happiest time. He himself seemed to enjoy the business and the bustle and his wife's company.

But by-and-by he came home very late on Monday, with the usual signs of a drop; then she advised him and entreated him, but never scolded him. He acquiesced, and was perfectly good-tempered though in the wrong. But one day in the week he would come home late, and mumble what is called the Queen's English, but I believe the people hold a few shares in it. Sarah was disappointed, and a little alarmed, but began to hope it would go no farther at all events. However, one Saturday, if you please, he did not come to help her in the shop, did not even come home to supper, and she had made such a nice supper for him. She sat at the window and fretted, she went from the window to her sleeping child and back again, restless and apprehensive.

At midnight, when the whole street was still, footsteps rang on the pavement. She looked out and saw two men, each with an arm under the shoulder of a third, hoisting him along. She darted to the street door, and received her husband from the hands of two men, who were perfectly sober. One of them turned on his heel and walked swiftly away at sight of her. But she saw him—for the first time this three years.

It was Joseph Pinder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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EDUCATIONAL QUESTIONS.

Over large sections of our country education for the people scarcely exists at all, so imperfect are the means employed to spread knowledge. The Louisville *Courier* recently complained that in Kentucky there were 300,000 children who could find no room in the public schools. Probably Texas, Arkansas, and several other States may be no better off. It is the most important of our political questions, What shall be done with this vast mass of ignorance?—how can these large bodies of the uneducated best be prepared for their duties as citizens? There are great numbers of them in all our cities, and no part of the country is without them. They escape even the careful scrutiny of the rigid educational laws of Massachusetts. They abound in Boston and New York. The question is answered in most other countries by the passage of compulsory laws and their rigid enforcement, by a resolute effort on the part of the governments to provide school-houses and teachers for all.

The chief aim of the English and French educators in the past ten years has been to provide room in the schools for all the children. The process has been expensive; the tax-payers sometimes complain of the school rates. But in England, the recent reports assure us, the system grows in popularity. The people ask eagerly for knowledge. The school-houses are filled; the yearly examinations show a steady improvement. The theory of education is carefully studied, and knowledge is made practical. Are we alone among nations incapable of teaching our people? Is there no hope for our educational future?

What and how to teach is the next educational question treated in our foreign reports, and here they all concur in urging the study of a few subjects, and these with perfect thoroughness. The mind is to be stimulated to act for itself, the morals softened by pure examples. Education is to place in the power of every one the means of self-improvement. It is admitted that educational systems are still in their infancy, and as yet the chief attention is given to primary education. No one in France and England is permitted to escape the salutary control of the teacher. The educational laws make no distinction of persons. The school visitors knock equally at the palace and the cottage gate. The child of the pauper is taught as carefully as the child of the peer. Education, the great leveller, has been enthroned by law. Education, that softens the savage, tames the brute, is to be the ruling power in the next generation.

Will knowledge do as much for mankind in the next as it has done in the past century, or more? In the days when Wesley preached and Cowper sang, London was beset by highwaymen; thieves were hanged, thirty or forty at a time; crimes abounded; the death rate of cities often rose to a fearful excess; the commonest laws of health were neglected; dissipation and riot ruled in all classes of society, and the people of England and of Europe were scarcely as fortunate as the brutes they tended. In New York and Philadelphia an equal ignorance of the laws of health and good morals prevailed. The water was foul, the streets unsewered; yellow fever made its frequent visits, and typhus was always busy. A feeble imitation of European vices marked the wealthy, and the laboring classes followed their example. Knowledge has made our cities habitable, diminished crime, softened public manners, and amended governments and people.

It is for this reason that modern governments have become public teachers, that England, France, Italy, and the United States contend with each other in their zeal for education. It is felt that health, commercial prosperity, political quiet, and social and moral progress rest upon the steady growth of intelligence. Eugene Lawrence.

ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Fair summer night is on the sea,
The wind is whispering low,
And o'er the silver shining sands
The waves in ripples flow;
All silence, save the ceaseless moan
That rises from the main,
So like the deep, despairing groan
Of man in mortal pain.

Now freshens up the hollow wind,
The landward breeze is here,
With salt sea-spray upon its wings
To cool the atmosphere.
I seem alone, the only one
In all the land awake,
To wander by the sad sea-shore
And hear the billows break.

Clear is the sky, the night is still
And grateful to the heart,
The world of busy life forgot,
And trouble all apart;
The glittering stars in golden bands
Turn midnight into noon,
And ocean lifts his tidal hands
To clasp the flying moon.

Yet here the spirit of unrest
Still haunts the weary mind,
For if this wide and mighty sea
No rest can ever find,
What hope has man, whose puny course
Is ended with the day,
Of rest from Eden's primal curse
That tracks his path alway?

There is no rest. Wherever life
Its varied forms unfolds,
In man or beast, in sea or tree,
This truth forever holds:
There is no rest on land or sea,
No rest for prince or slave;
Whoever longs at rest to be
Must seek it in the grave.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

In view of the difficulties surrounding the proposed coronation of the Czar of Russia, it might be judicious to model the next announcement concerning that event after the usual form of agreements between pugilists who contemplate coming into collision. Then it would read that the coronation would take place, say, between sunrise on September 1 and sunset on September 30, within a hundred miles of Solvitchegodsk, or some other place agreed upon, unless prevented by Nihilistic interference.

It has been decided in London that transportation companies are in a measure relieved of responsibility for accidents that may befall passengers who wear high-heeled boots. A woman sued the owners of a steamboat to recover damages for injuries suffered while stepping aboard, and she lost her suit because it was held that her high-heeled boots contributed to the accident.

It is the fashion in Florida to placard captive alligators with, "Idiots will please stir him up."

An English writer suggests that instantaneous photography might be utilized for doing away with the disappointing "dead-heats" on the race-course—a conspicuous and vexatious illustration of which was furnished at the recent French Derby. Since it is almost impossible for two horses to cross the line at precisely the same instant, it is suggested that an invisible thread be stretched across the track, the breaking of which by the leading horse shall drop the shutter of a camera, and result in the photographing of the horses in their positions at the moment the thread is broken.

It is proposed by J. Palmarto, a member of the Belgian Geographical Society, to go in search of the north pole in a vessel built on the plan of Captain Nemo's craft in *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea*. He would have it shaped like a cigar, and propelled by an electro-magnetic apparatus. While it is voyaging under the ice-fields, air is to be manufactured on board by chemical process. An electric light forward is to illuminate the way. The vessel's crew is to consist of three men, and she is to start from Spitzbergen.

Nervousness is not always a disadvantage. The discharge of a rock blast near his house so startled a resident of Montana Territory that he bounded from his seat, and a moment later a hundred-pound fragment of the rock descended through the roof and knocked the chair into splinters.

The latest plan for civilizing the Indians contemplates teaching them ticket-scalping at first, in order that their departure from savage practices may be gradual, and that they may not become discouraged at the outset.

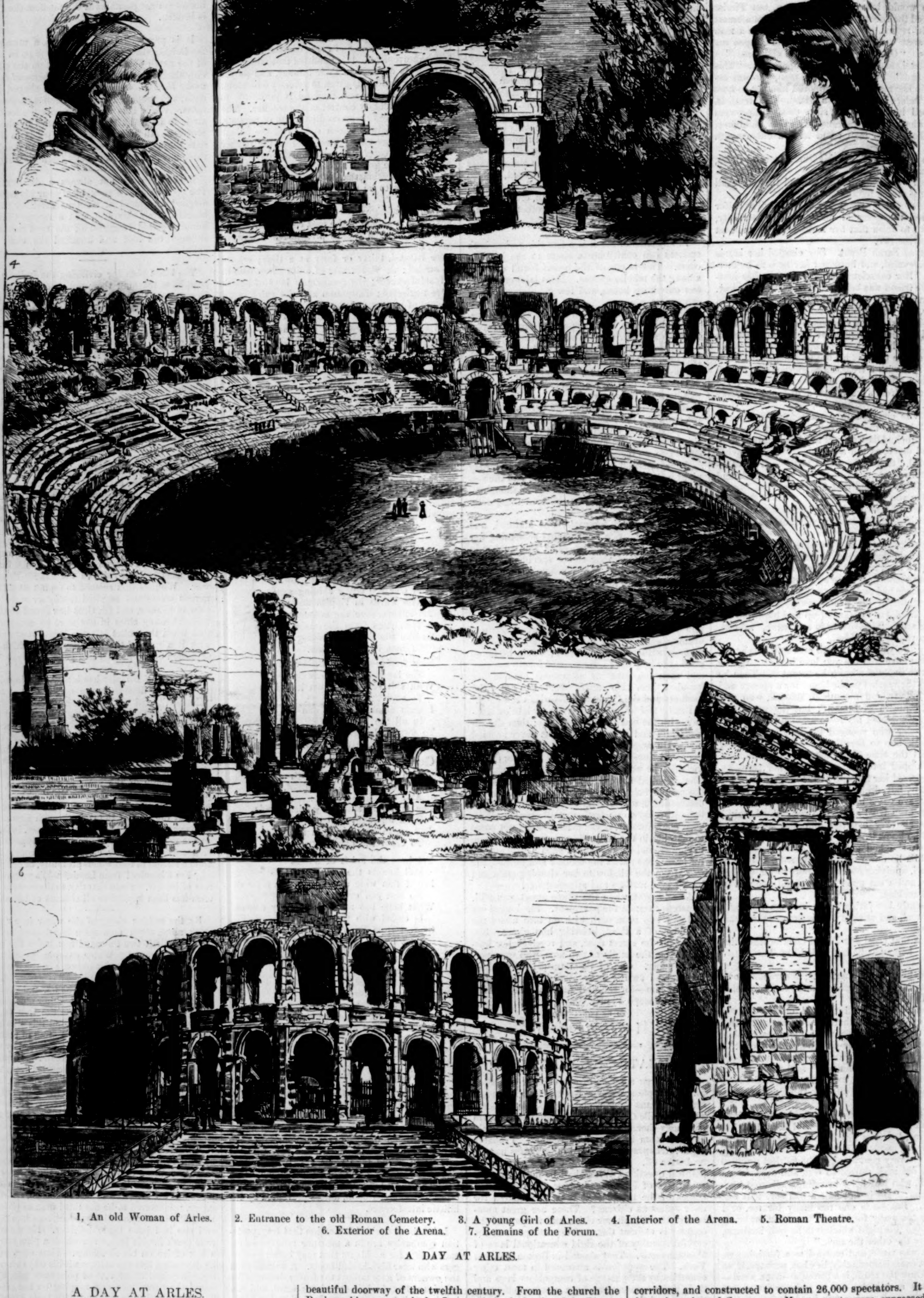
A genuine Siamese prince is to arrive in New York before long, and the Board of Aldermen has already taken steps toward preparing to do him honor. To paraphrase and adapt a remark which is reported to have passed between Executives of the Carolinas, it's a long time since the municipal legislature has had an opportunity for wetting its whistle at the public expense as a mark of respect to a prince or anything of the sort from the other side of the water.

A Texas paper bemoans editorially the stagnation of business, saying that the fines levied in the police court on the previous day amounted to only six dollars. Men of enterprise and public spirit are left to draw their own inferences as to their duty as citizens.

Dr. Gros, of Paris, has been investigating the grounds for the allegations that poisoned bullets were used by both sides in the Franco-Prussian war. Wounds that seemed to be not at all dangerous sometimes resulted fatally or were very slow in healing, and Dr. Gros has found that the breech-loading rifles in use were so constructed that when the bullet left the barrel it conveyed with it a part of the poisonous acid which the explosion of the powder had generated.

A Doctor of Divinity has interested himself in an effort to determine the origin of the term "Hoosier," used to designate a resident of Indiana. He does not accept the explanation that it grew out of the inquiry of a stranger from the South who pushed open an Indiana cabin door and inquired, "Who's yer?" He says that a learned foreigner named Leminouski used to lecture to the pioneers on the wars of Europe, speaking frequently of the valor of the hussars, and pronouncing that word "hoosiers." The explanation continues: "During the excavation of the canal at the falls of the Ohio through Kentucky, a young man from Washington County, Indiana, on the grounds one day fought and whipped three Kentuckians. Highly elated at the conclusion, amid a torrent of backwoods profanity, he exclaimed, 'I'm a hoosier!' from Leminouski's pronunciation of hussar. From that day to the present the term has been applied to all citizens of Indiana."

By the sudden rising of the water in a Comstock mine, seven men were imprisoned at the head of a drift two thousand feet below the surface of the ground. Water stood in the drift to within a few inches of its crown, and the remaining space was filled with poisonous gases. The men had been there for many hours, and the superintendent of the mine said that they must have died. A rapping was heard on the iron pipes leading to the head of the drift, but this was explained as being caused by the falling of stones upon the iron after they had been released by the action of the water. The superstitious spoke mysteriously of the noise that proceeded from the place where seven dead men were entombed. A miner tried to make his way into the drift, but he came back delirious. When he recovered, he insisted that he had seen a light at the end of the tunnel, three hundred feet away. Then two other miners went into the drift with a boat. There was eighteen inches of space between the water and the rock above, and when the foul air began to tell on them, they could not make their way out, and they died. Still the rapping upon the pipes was kept up, and Jack Vandeusen, another miner, volunteered to be the third man to go into the drift, where two of his predecessors had died and one had been made delirious. He made a rude mask for his face, from which a pipe ran to a box of ice on his shoulders. Thus equipped, he descended into the drift, made his way through three hundred linear feet of poisonous gas, and found the seven men still rapping on the pipe! They had broken it off, and with their mouths close to its end were living on the little air that came down to them. One of them sought to cool his parched tongue with ice from Jack Vandeusen's box, but the others told him that Jack would need his ice while penetrating the barrier of gas between them and the mouth of the drift, and the man desisted. Vandeusen made his way out, and the seven men were rescued. It is a story of heroism such as is seldom found in real life. It has never been fully told. Somebody with genius for getting facts and putting them into plain English should tell the whole of it.



1, An old Woman of Arles. 2. Entrance to the old Roman Cemetery. 3. A young Girl of Arles. 4. Interior of the Arena. 5. Roman Theatre. 6. Exterior of the Arena. 7. Remains of the Forum.

A DAY AT ARLES.

A DAY AT ARLES.

If a traveller on the outward journey to the Riviera desires most thoroughly to realize that he is not at home, let him stop at Arles. Lyons may be charming, Avignon, with its old papal palace, interesting, but Arles is at once more picturesque and more romantic. The narrow winding streets are more like those of an Italian than of a French town. The Hôtel du Forum is a very good one, clean and comfortable, thoroughly un-American, of course, but with an excellent table and attentive service. The Place du Forum, in which it stands, is not large, but contains, built up into the houses at one end, the remains of the Roman Forum. Close to the Hôtel de Ville is the Cathedral of St. Trophimus, with its cloisters and beautiful doorway of the twelfth century. From the church the Boulevard is soon reached. It extends to the banks of the Rhone, where there is a pleasant promenade, and where the good people of Arles love to saunter in the evening. To the right is the Roman cemetery, with a quaint chapel and a number of stone coffins, while on the left are well-laid-out gardens, which, as the notice says, "ayant été créés pour l'agrément de tous, sont mis sous la protection de tous les citoyens." From there is a road to the remains of the Roman theatre, then on past a quaint old church to the amphitheatre. Up to a certain height it is perfect all round, like the one at Pompeii, though much more resembling the Colosseum at Rome, without its imposing solemnity and mass. It is the largest built by the Romans in Gaul, measuring 459 by 341 feet, with five corridors, and constructed to contain 26,000 spectators. It dates from the reign of CALIGULA. Many regrets were expressed that we were not in time to see the bull-fight on the Sunday afternoon. We were assured it was so pleasant: only some peasants playing with one or two bulls brought in from the country; no spears used, no killing or wounding. These bull-fights, although wanting the splendor and the excitement of the Spanish, please the people, and all the aristocracy of Arles and its *belles filles* patronize them. The sight of the old amphitheatre filled with people in their national holiday costume is strangely picturesque. From one of the towers there is a magnificent panorama of the old town below, the larger and lesser Rhone winding through the plain, the distant mountains, with quaint old towns and ruins nestling on ledge and

rock. The palace of CONSTANTINE, and the museum, with its collection of Roman relics, are highly interesting. The drives in the neighborhood are beautiful, especially the one to the ruined abbey of Mont Majour, the home of St. TROPHIMUS before he became Bishop of Arles. Even if Arles had nothing of special interest to engage the attention of the traveller, it would be worth visiting for the sake of the people. No one seems in a hurry, no one seems to have anything to do. French as they may be in name, these inhabitants of the old capital of the Kingdom of Arles are unmistakably descendants of the old Roman masters of the world. The beauty of the girls is proverbial, their color is magnificent, and the matrons have a dignity of bearing that many a high-born dame might envy. They wear a peculiar head-dress and full folded kerchief over black or brown bodices. The full holiday costume is still much worn. They are most polite people, too calm to be rude, and a sketcher will not be troubled by a crowd of beggars or children. No one who has time to spare should pass Arles without a visit.

SALMON FISHING IN NORWAY.

To spend the summer in Norway has now become the annual experience of so many Englishmen that the inaccurate notions still widely entertained concerning that country afford matter for some surprise. The first questions usually asked of a returning traveller, "Was it not terribly cold?" or "Could you get anything to eat?" are sufficient evidence. Be it known, therefore, to all who would fain go to Norway, only debarred perhaps by antiquated accounts of hardships and privations to be endured, that, so far from being a "land beyond the solar road," the sun never leaves it during the summer months; that it is not necessary, like Æneas, to eat one's tables, nor, always, to sleep on the floor. Again, the common assertion that no ladies can travel there, because they would have to "rough it," is disproved by the willingness of those who have actually gone through the ordeal to repeat their experience. The food question is not so serious after all; one would hardly expect to find French cookery or Swiss hotels in the arctic regions; but though smoked salmon and very strong cheese are the chief delicacies, persons of less educated tastes can obtain consolation in beef and beer, which are procurable, with white bread and excellent coffee and dairy produce, nearly everywhere in Norway; in fact, the most fastidious people could not well be conscious of much privation upon the main routes, where we will leave them for the present to the able guidance of Mr. Murray and Herr Baedeker.

Ours the pleasanter task of revisiting in memory a certain quiet valley of Gamle Norgé, where a party spent their long summer day, unbroken for two months by a single hour of darkness, in full enjoyment of a life monotonous indeed, but never wearisome, among scenes that must ever possess a strange fascination for those who have once beheld them.

The house whence the occupants have temporarily evicted themselves to make room for us is built entirely of wood, after the ordinary type of Norwegian farm-houses, in two stories; roughly hewn pine logs are laid horizontally, and the interstices well stuffed with dry moss. Along the outside runs a skirting of upright planks, surmounted by a roof of birch bark, held down with thick turfs, off which a very fair crop of hay seems procurable. Add some small windows, and doorways of a height most dangerous to English heads, scatter steps and stairs promiscuously, furnish with a few wooden tables and chairs, wooden beds, and crockery of wood, and you have a fair idea of the quarters over which our Union Jack was soon floating.

Right comfortable quarters too we found them; warm on the coldest days, and cool on the hottest. And had we not, moreover, the luxury of iron bedsteads from England—a benefit only to be properly appreciated by those who have experienced what it is to court sleep upon a Norwegian wooden bed, with nothing but a little hay to cover the unbending planks. Dinner was not a great success on the first evening; but afterward, with the help of our stores, and an occasional sheep from a neighboring farm, we fared sumptuously, though salmon was always the mainstay of the *cuisine;* for there is a capital shop in Trondhjem where all kinds of English comestibles, excellent in quality, can be obtained.

For the first few days of fishing matters looked bad, as two or three kelts were the only reward of persistent angling, and it was not until the 20th of June that we caught a fresh-run fish, the season, which usually begins in the first week of that month, being a remarkably late one. But the same deep snow and ice-bound lakes which at first made the river too cold for the salmon to run up did us good service afterward by maintaining a fine head of water well into August, whereas in most years it becomes too low and clear for sport after the middle of July; and when the fish did enter the river, we found the advantage of having bought off the netting rights of the proprietors, who otherwise work terrible havoc in the latter part of the season, when the spawning-time is approaching. Fast and furious the fun soon became; our "monster" fish of other years were all thrown into the shade, and each week brought a new claimant for the honor of being the "largest on record" caught at Fosmoen, which finally remained with a splendid salmon of forty-two pounds. Omitting details, memorable though the incidents of each day's sport are to the fisherman, suffice it to say that in six weeks our three rods scored over two thousand pounds' weight of salmon and a considerable quantity of trout—a record that makes us loath to agree with those who assert that Norwegian fishing is a thing of the past, and that to catch salmon one must go to Canada. Our river was a comparatively small one, not more than sixty yards broad, possessing all the characteristics of a mountain stream magnified; and though we were obliged to fish from boats, there were several impassable rapids, which gave us all the excitement usually confined to what are termed casting rivers; indeed, the current was so strong as to make it hard work for two men to keep the boat from drifting down too quickly. We used always to land as soon as a fish was hooked, and many a tussle was there to keep the salmon from going down the rapids, many a breathless scramble in hot pursuit, with eighty yards of white water between the angler and his fish; many a time, too, when the angler had to count himself lucky if he did not lose both fish and tackle. The ladies of our party were very successful in trouting, and occasionally landed salmon in the most approved style; but one of them will not soon forget how, while trout fishing one day, a large grilse took her fly, ran out the thirty yards of line, and went away down stream with the whole, through somebody's carelessness in not having made it fast to the reel.

The season closed with a rather curious incident. We had engaged a local photographer—*rara avis in terris*—to come and take views of the river, and one of us determined to pose for him in the attitude of fishing a favorite pool. The boat was moored securely to the opposite bank, the rower put out his oars, and to make the thing look more natural, our friend just let his line drop into the water, when, not a yard from the boat's side, up splashed a huge salmon—out of *malice prepense* surely, for not once in a thousand times will they rise so close. The plate was spoiled, of course, and in the result of a second, faces wear a gloomy frown, as if the angler had not been wholly successful in punishing that fish for its temerity.

Thus, with varying misfortune and success, the weeks flew past: when we could not or would not fish, there was sketching, botanizing, and exploration of the country around to fill up the time, which never seemed to hang heavily upon our hands. At last, however, the evil day came when the snow upon the hills had all melted, and the dwindling stream warned us that sport was over for this year; so with much reluctance we began preparations for departure. The farmers came to receive their money—a ceremony which involved an almost embarrassing amount of handshaking, the good old Norsk way of expressing thanks; they were in high good-humor already, having made a considerable sum of money by the sale of salmon not needed for our consumption. The coasting steamers and a small town four miles off are their market, and though the price is low, ranging from fourpence to sevenpence a pound, purchasers are always to be found who seize the opportunity of laying in for the winter a large stock of their favorite smoked salmon. Moreover, there is the satisfaction on one's own part of feeling that the money spent upon procuring sport is not wasted, but gives means of bettering themselves to people in genuine need of assistance.

NIGHTMARE.

THE term nightmare must not be supposed to have any reference to the horse, the *mare* meaning spirit, elf, or nymph. Thus in Germany the nightmare, or "night-hag," is popularly known as the "alp," *i. e.*, elf. Among, too, its provincial names is "mahrt," or "mahr," different forms of a word which has no relation whatever to the equine species, but is identical with the Sanskrit *marut*. We may also compare the expression with the Anglo-Saxon "wudumœre" (wood-mare), which is equivalent to "echo." Indeed, as soon as we recognize the true meaning of nightmare as meaning a "night-spirit" or "night-elf," we have the key to the right interpretation of many of those otherwise obscure superstitions and legends which in such large numbers have interwoven themselves around this curious phenomenon. Thus the once popular theory to account for this painful derangement, oftentimes of the digestive organs, was founded on the notion that certain female demons were in the habit of coming at night-time and tormenting men and women by crouching on their chests and stopping their respiration. As, too, these fiends were supposed to be gifted with supernatural qualities, being able, like Proteus of old, to change themselves in an instant into various forms, they eluded the recognition of their victims, and in their disguised shape practiced with comparative ease their mischievous tricks. Hence, however anxious any one might be to discover and frustrate the influence of such an unwelcome trespasser, it was generally of little avail, as the unfortunate sufferer was nearly always overmatched by the insidious craftiness of his midnight foe. It is, too, interesting to note that at the present day in many parts of Germany we find this explanation given to account for the nightmare, and, as we shall have occasion to show, the peasantry still practice sundry charms and incantations to ward off any interference on the part of these imaginary beings.

Among these, one of the forms in which the nightmare has been supposed to make its way at night into the chamber of slumber is that of a cat. Thus we are told of a joiner in Bühl who was much plagued with the nightmare, and night after night was subjected to the most unmerciful treatment at its hands. At last, however, he saw his foe secretly steal into his room, in the form of a cat, about midnight. Having stopped up, first of all, the hole through which it had made its entry, he next proceeded to catch the animal, and to make its capture a complete certainty, he nailed it by one paw to the floor. On awaking, however, in the morning, much to his surprise and alarm, he discovered, in the place of the cat, a beautiful young woman with a nail driven through her hand. Attracted by her charms, he married her, and in process of time they had three children. One day, however, he uncovered the hole which he had stopped up, when, much to his dismay and consternation, she instantly resumed the shape of a cat, and escaped through it, never to return again. Stories of this kind are very extensive, and under various forms are found scattered here and there in different parts of the Continent.

Sometimes, too, the nightmare appears as a mouse or a weasel, yet never as a horse or a mare. Curious to say, an absurd blunder has been perpetrated by a Royal Academician in his celebrated picture of the "Nightmare," in which he represents the fiend in equine form bestriding his unhappy victim. But one, however, of the most popular notions is that it is a demon or fiend who takes advantage of the hours of darkness, when special license is supposed to be given to beings of the ghostly world to take their walks abroad, to ride through benighted districts, in order either to throttle some snoring peasant, or to make itself actually present in his dreams, and thereby intensify their grim reality. Indeed, this idea is found even among savage tribes, and may be traced back to a very remote period. Thus, by way of example, we are told how the North American Indians, after a night of debauchery

IT WOULD SETTLE THE WHOLE BUSINESS.

THE SPHINX (*speaks to the Sultan of Turkey*). "Whatever you do, don't put me in the hands of a Receiver—on the American plan."

and excessive feasting, are said to be visited by nocturnal visitors of a not very agreeable kind, who with threatening gestures scare their sleeping victims. Again, the Caribs, when subjected to hideous dreams, often on awakening have declared that the demon Maboya has ill-treated and beaten them in their sleep, affirming that they could even still feel the effects of his rough treatment. Hence, in the early days of Christianity, the idea found favor in many eyes that the demon of nightmare was one of the means which Satan employed for molesting and seducing human souls. Persons, therefore, whose slumbers had been broken by impure and unholy dreams were believed to have been unconsciously under the influence of Satan's sway, and to have indulged in sinful desires and inclinations.

Among the many tales which illustrate the theory of the nightmare as being a demon, we may briefly relate a Netherlandish one which is a fair example of others of a similar kind. Two young men were in love with the same lady. One of them being tormented every night by a nightmare, sought advice from his rival, who took advantage of his act of confidence, and gave him the subjoined piece of treacherous advice: "Hold a sharp knife with the point toward your breast, and you'll never see the Mara again." His comrade thanked him, but on retiring to rest he thought it as well to be on the safe side, and so held the knife handle downward. Consequently, when at midnight the Mara made her accustomed visit, instead of forcing the knife into his breast, she cut herself badly, and escaped from the room making a terrible noise. The legend unfortunately does not tell us the issue of this tragic affair, but we can only hope that the young man revenged himself on his false and malicious rival by promptly marrying the young lady.

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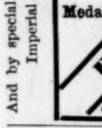

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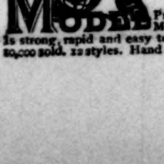

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